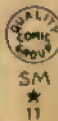




# FEATURE

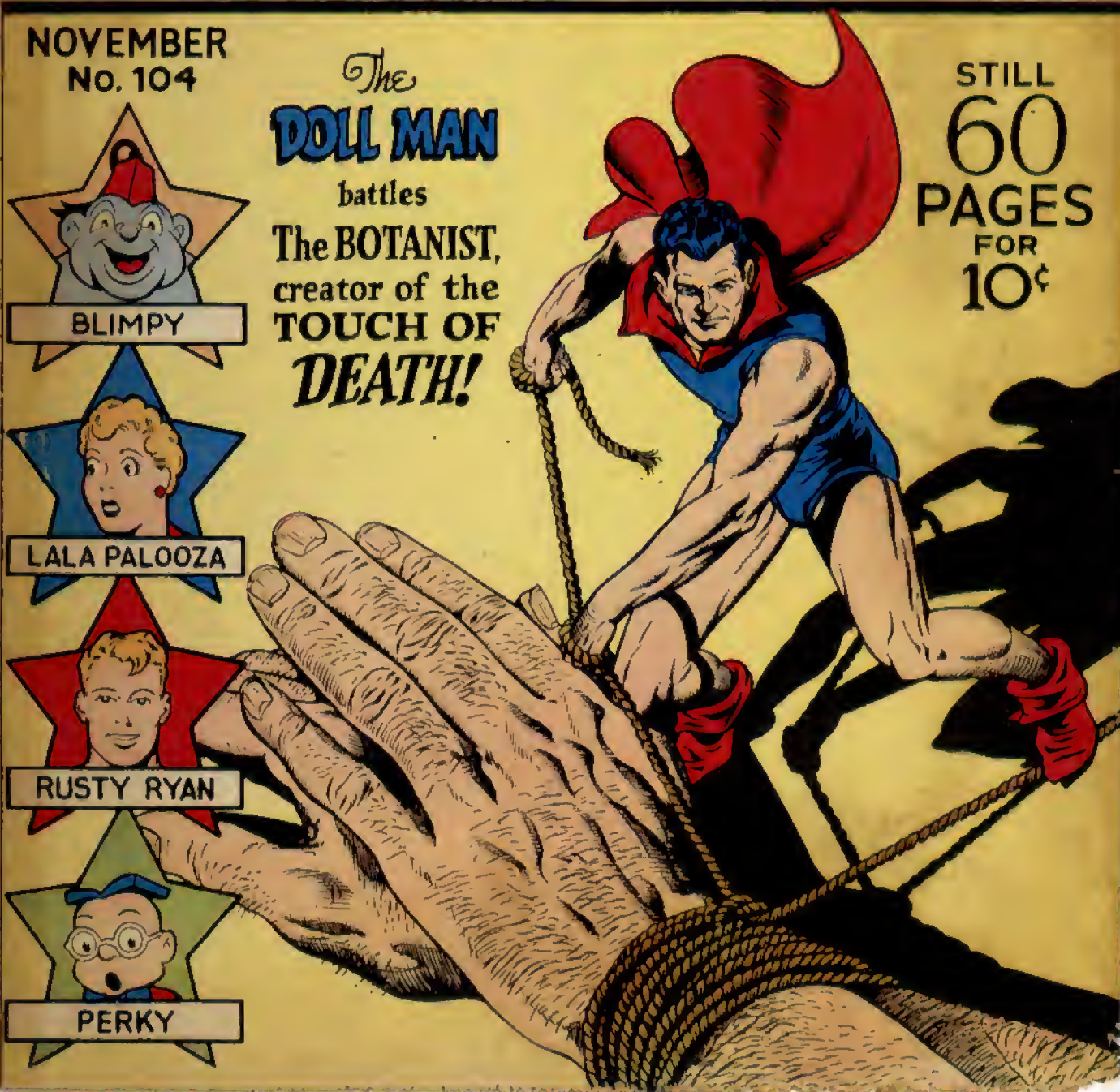
COMICS



NOVEMBER  
No. 104

*The*  
**DOLL MAN**  
battles  
The BOTANIST,  
creator of the  
TOUCH OF  
DEATH!

STILL  
**60**  
PAGES  
FOR  
10¢







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# WANTED! Skinny Weaklings to become HE-MEN

"Let me show **YOU** too,  
HOW TO MAKE **YOURSELF**  
**COMMANDO-TOUGH**  
inside and out... in double quick time  
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"  
says **George F. Jowett**  
whom experts call the  
**WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER**

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British  
tutors smoking, legs and waist slim, happy with their own  
powerful bodies. Let us show to you how to double your  
time I can put back in your chest! Bridge your shoulders! And  
never get the rest of your body—twice as quickly it will make  
you a man! I have seen it for thousands the world over. Give  
me 10 minutes a day to do it for you.

## Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which  
I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned  
to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any  
other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven  
its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world.  
And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no  
matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you  
right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring  
to life new power in you inside and out, until **YOU** are fully  
taught you are the man you want to be. **MY TIME TESTED  
METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.**

### PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Mauling A  
Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength  
that will surge through your muscles.

## READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



**A. PASSANOUT**, Jowett (intern)  
athlete who was named America's  
first prize-winner for Physical  
Perfection

**ACE FERRELL**, Champion  
Strength Athlete of South Africa,  
says he "I owe everything to  
Jowett method." Look at this  
chest—then consider the value of  
the Jowett Courses!



## JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of  
weaklings to muscular power. Packed with  
photos of miracle men of might and muscle  
who started perhaps weaker than you are.  
Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in  
strength that inspired his pupils to follow  
him. They'll show you the best way to  
might and muscle. Send for this **FREE**  
gift book of **PHOTOS OF FAMOUS  
STRONG MEN.**



## BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These  
**FIVE Famous Courses**  
**NOW in BOOK FORM**  
**ONLY 25c EACH**  
or **ALL 5 for \$1**

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-  
building courses, are available in book  
form to all readers of this publication  
at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5  
for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your  
family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically  
fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by  
following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-  
building!

## 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books  
for only **ONE DOLLAR**—or any one of them for  
25c. If you're not delighted with these famous  
muscle-building books—if you don't actually **FEEL**  
results within **ONE WEEK**, send them back and  
your money will be promptly refunded!  
Don't let this opportunity get away from you!  
And don't forget—by sending the **FREE GIFT**  
**COUPON** at once you receive a **FREE** copy of  
the famous Jowett book, "Nervous of Steel, Muscles  
of Iron."

**JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE**  
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. Q-41 New York 1, N. Y.



## FREE GIFT COUPON!

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture  
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. Q-41 New York 1, N. Y.  
George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send  
by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below, for  
which I enclose \$1.00. Include **FREE** book of **PHOTOS**.  
☐ All 5 courses for \$1.00 ☐ Building a Mighty Leg 25c  
☐ Building a Mighty Arm 25c ☐ Building a Mighty Chest 25c  
☐ Building a Mighty Back 25c ☐ Building a Mighty Neck 25c  
☐ Send all 5 C.O.D. (51 plus postage) No orders less  
than \$1.00 C.O.D.

NAME  (Please Print Plainly, Include Zone Number)

ADDRESS

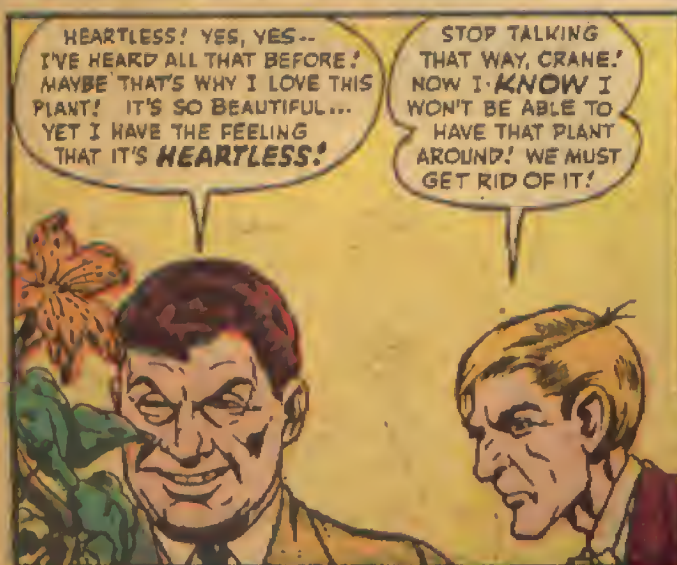


# THE DOLL MAN



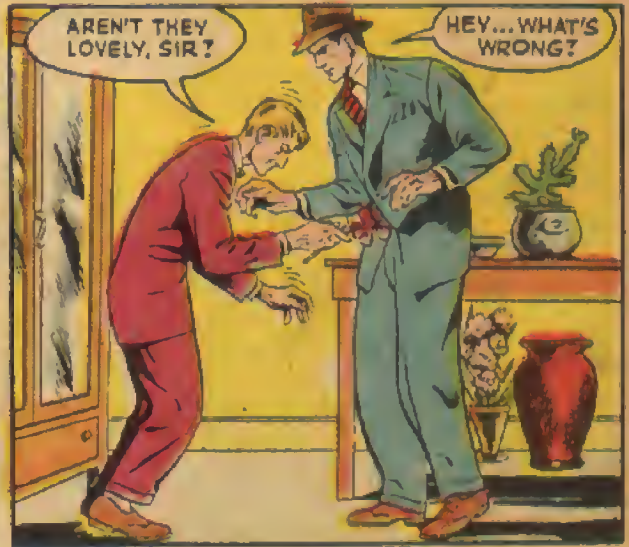
*The Doll Man* knows how to deal with brute force and evil ... but even he shrinks from contact with *The Man Whose Touch Is DEATH!*







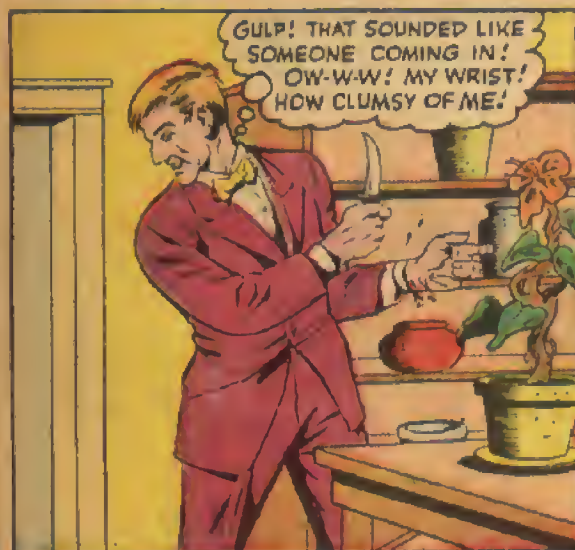
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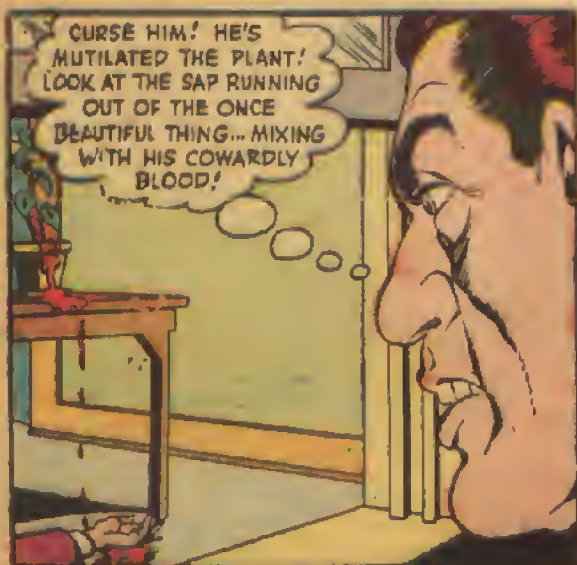
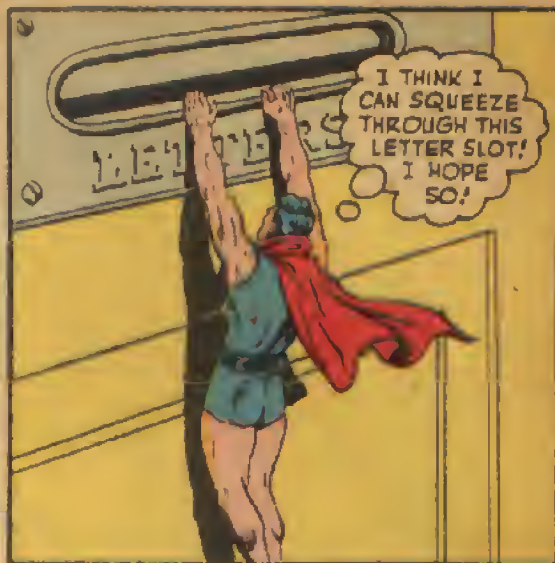
















SOMEBODY TRIED HARD TO BEAT HIM TO DEATH BUT DIDN'T QUITE SUCCEED!



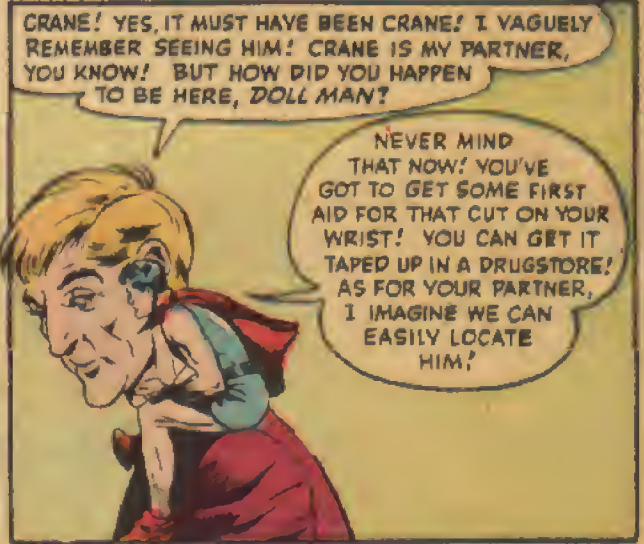
THE PLANT... THE HORRIBLE PLANT! I HAD TO DESTROY IT!

THAT MUST BE HOW YOU CUT YOUR WRIST!



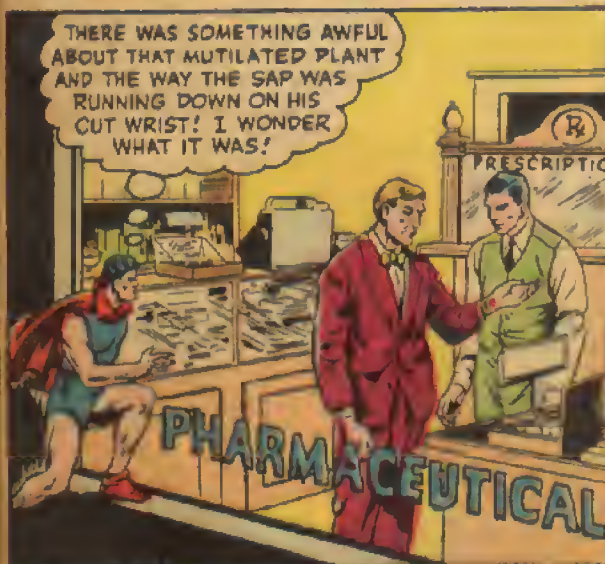
MY WRIST... YES... AND THE PLANT... BOTH DRIPPING BLOOD!

YOU'D BETTER PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, MY FRIEND! WHO TRIED TO KILL YOU?



CRANE! YES, IT MUST HAVE BEEN CRANE! I VAGUELY REMEMBER SEEING HIM! CRANE IS MY PARTNER, YOU KNOW! BUT HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO BE HERE, DOLL MAN?

NEVER MIND THAT NOW! YOU'VE GOT TO GET SOME FIRST AID FOR THAT CUT ON YOUR WRIST! YOU CAN GET IT TAPED UP IN A DRUGSTORE! AS FOR YOUR PARTNER, I IMAGINE WE CAN EASILY LOCATE HIM!



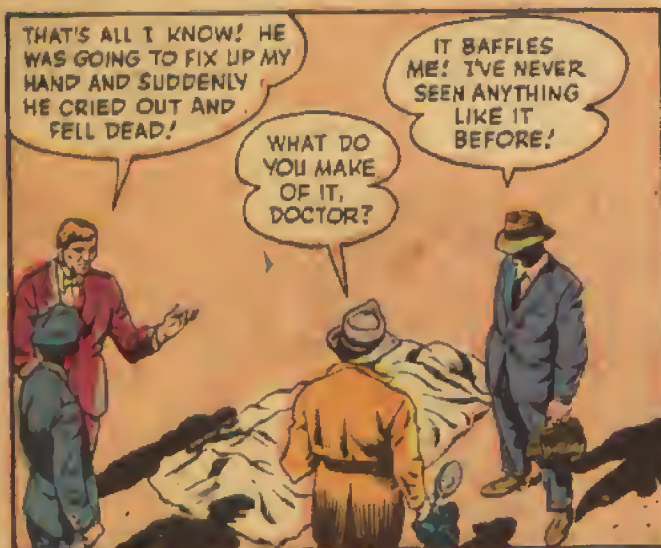
THERE WAS SOMETHING AWFUL ABOUT THAT MUTILATED PLANT AND THE WAY THE SAP WAS RUNNING DOWN ON HIS CUT WRIST! I WONDER WHAT IT WAS!



LET ME SEE THAT CUT! IT DOESN'T LOOK TOO BAD! ARG-H-H!

AND BIOLOGICALS









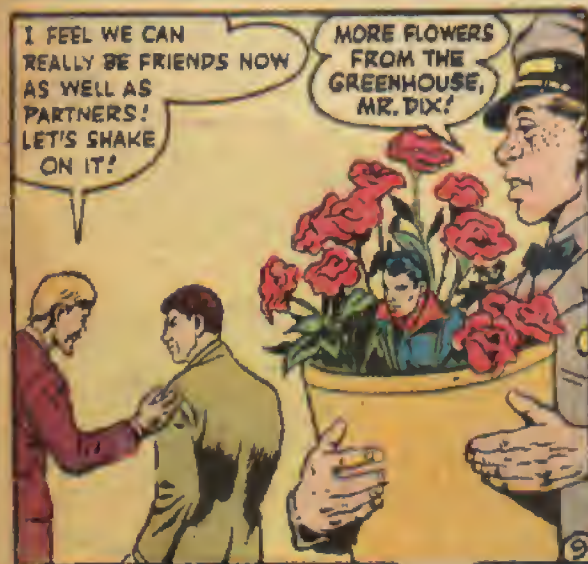
THAT'S IT! I SEE IT ALL NOW!  
HA! HA! THAT WEAKLING, DIX, IS  
GOING TO DO THINGS FOR ME NOW  
THAT I MIGHT NEVER HAVE HAD  
THE NERVE TO DO  
MYSELF!



Next  
day...

CRANE!  
YOU'VE  
DARED TO  
COME  
BACK!

"DIX, I'M SORRY  
ABOUT YESTERDAY! I  
MUST HAVE GONE MAD  
WITH RAGE ABOUT THE  
PLANT, BUT I'VE  
DECIDED YOU  
WERE RIGHT!









HA! HA! YOU ONLY TOUCHED HIS HAND, DIX, BUT THAT WAS ENOUGH! THAT WAS THE TOUCH OF DEATH! HA! HA! THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE, DIX, OLD BOY! ...THE MAN WITH THE TOUCH OF DEATH



YOU...YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT ME... SOMETHING TERRIBLE THAT I DON'T KNOW! YOU PLANNED THIS!



DON'T TOUCH ME, DIX...DON'T TOUCH ME!

YOU'D BETTER NOT, DIX! YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR OWN DEADLY POWER!



WE'LL KEEP YOU QUIET UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU!



AND YOU'D BETTER BE QUIET TOO, DOLL MAN---



--WHILE I TAKE MY PRECIOUS PLANT OUT OF HERE! IT'S HELPED ME MAKE A KILLER OF A MILKSOP, BUT NOW I HAVE BIGGER PLANS!

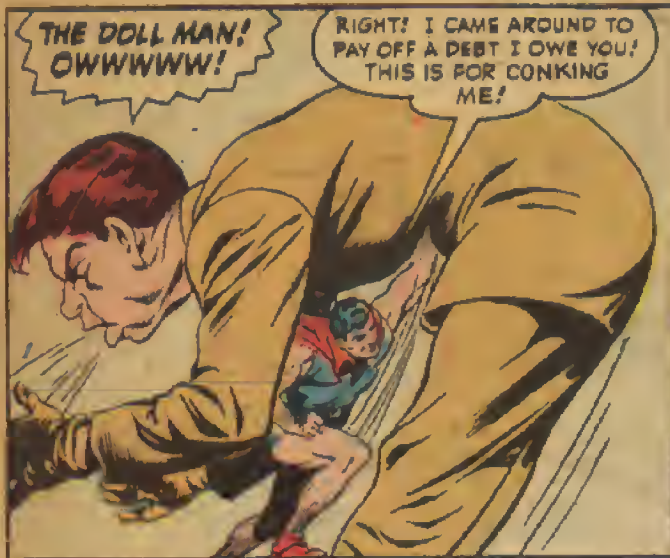


MELDIN WAS SIMPLY A PRICE CUTTING FOOL! HAVING HIM OUT OF THE WAY WILL HELP, BUT I'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT! I'LL MAKE PEOPLE PAY ME MILLIONS TO LET THEM REMAIN LAW ABIDING CITIZENS...AND NOT TO MAKE KILLERS OF THEM! HA! HA!



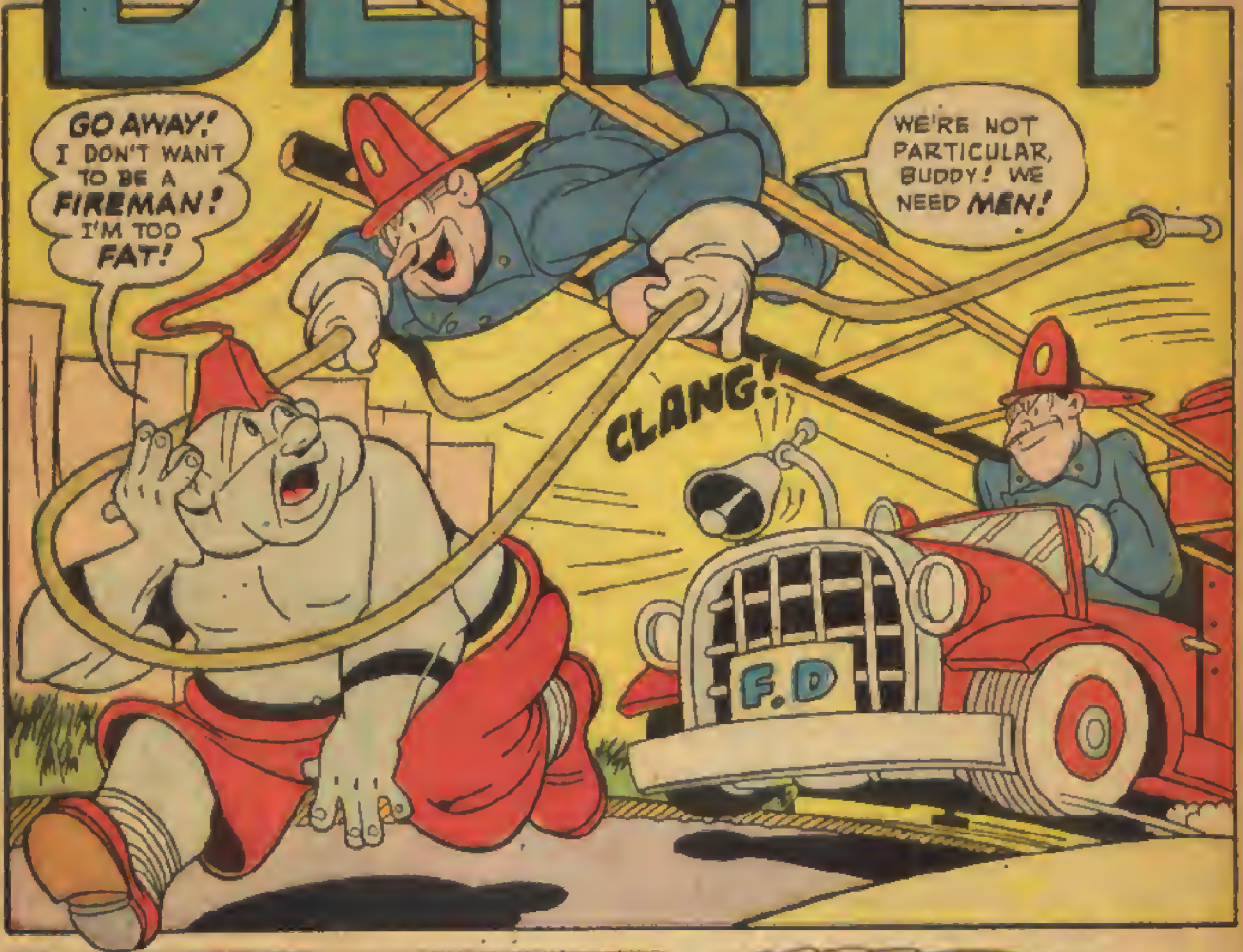






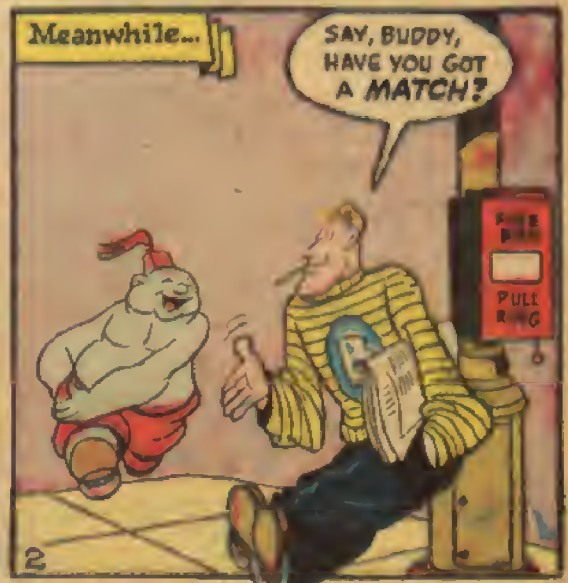
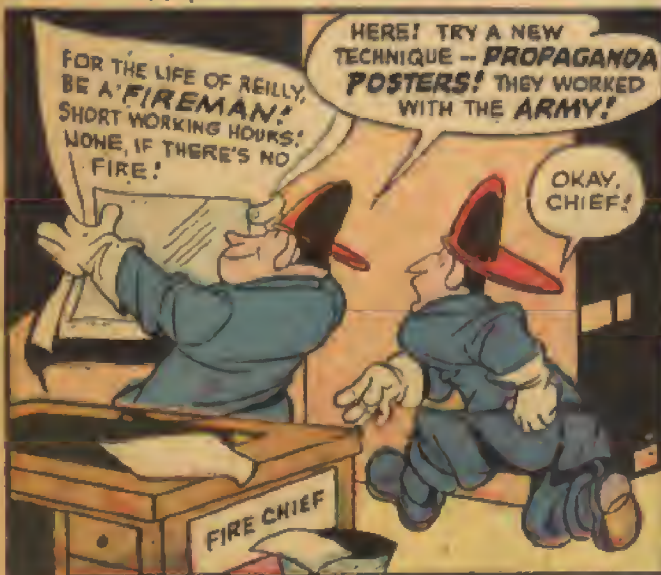


# BLIMPY

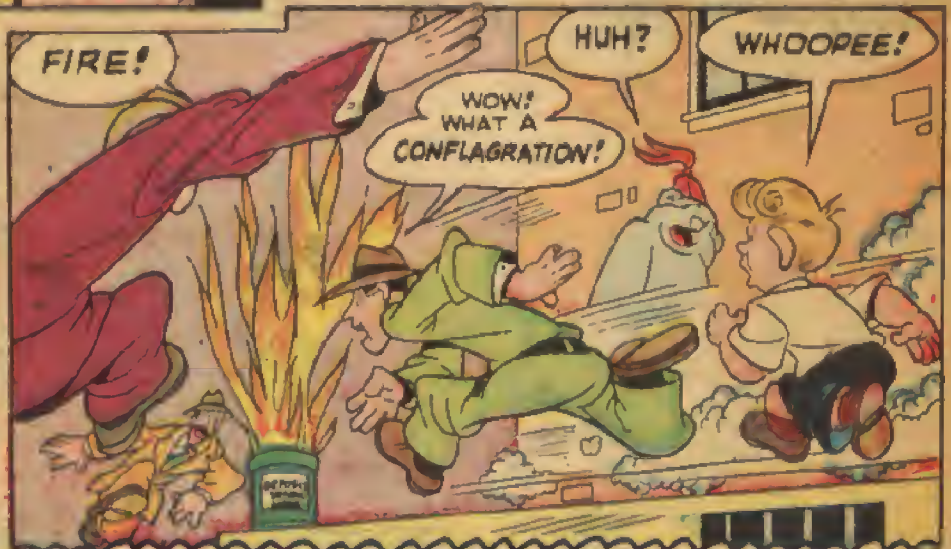




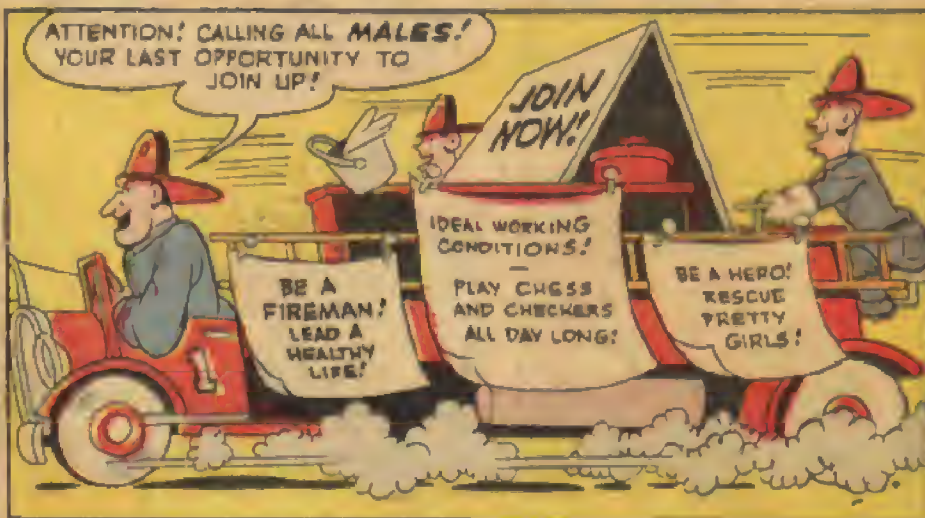
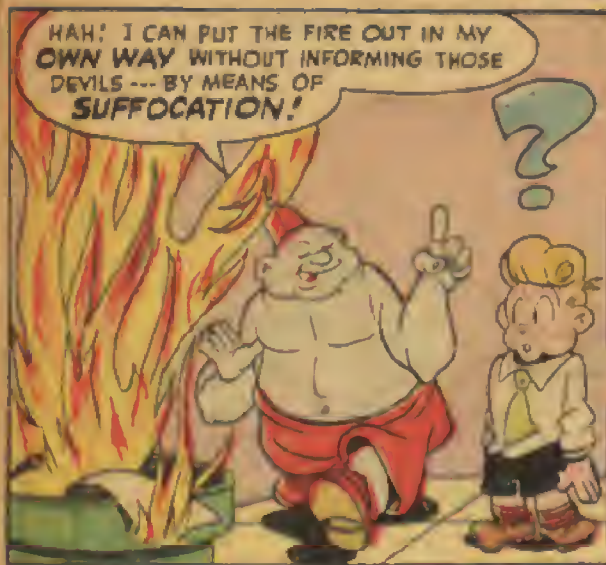
FEATURE COMICS



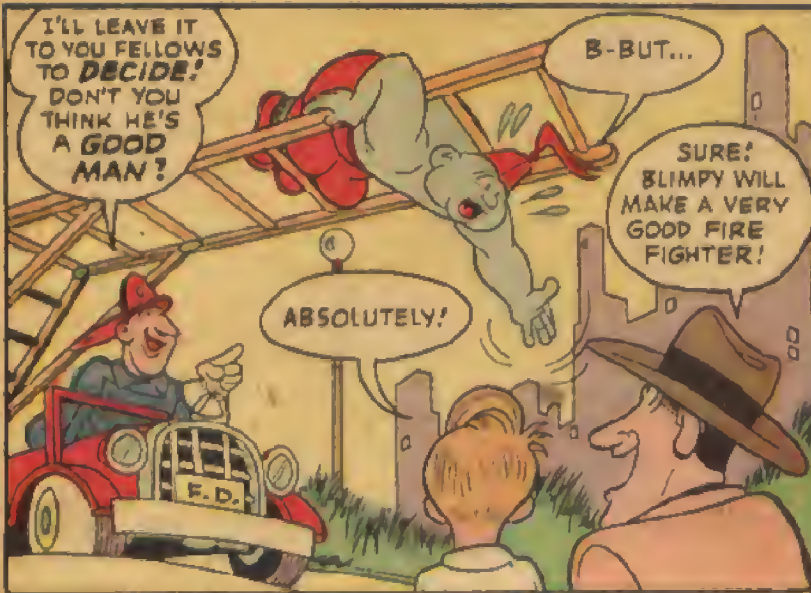




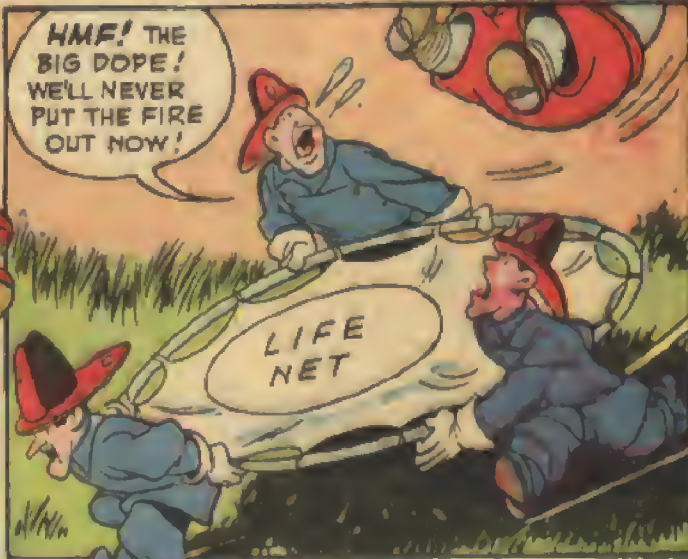




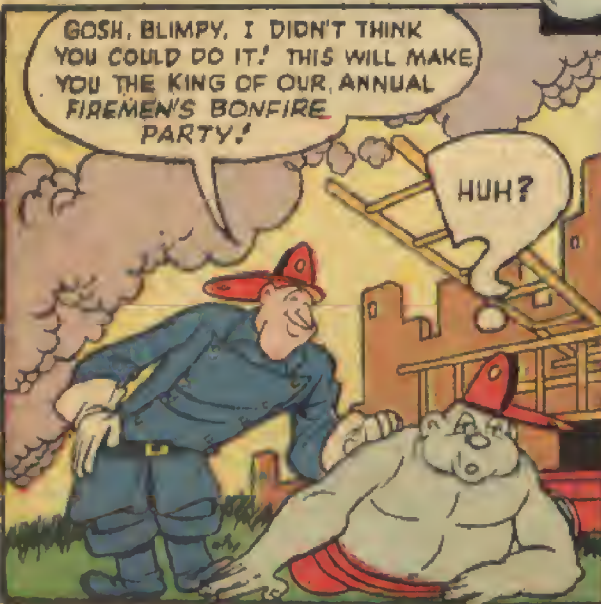
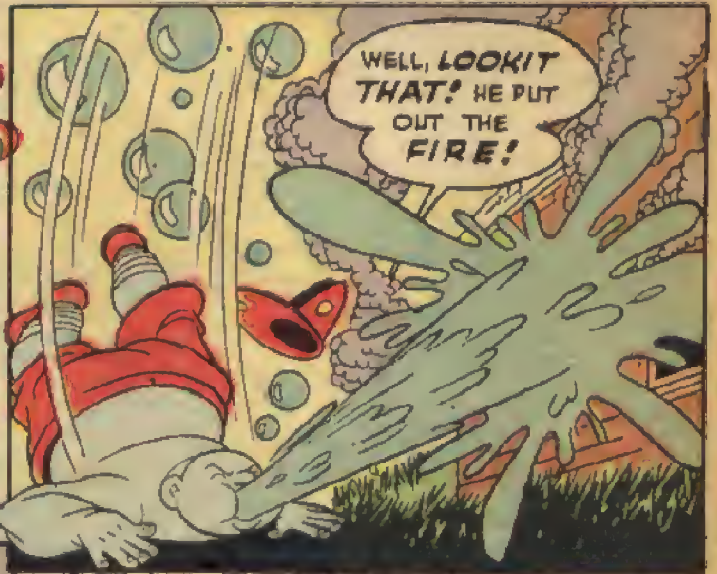
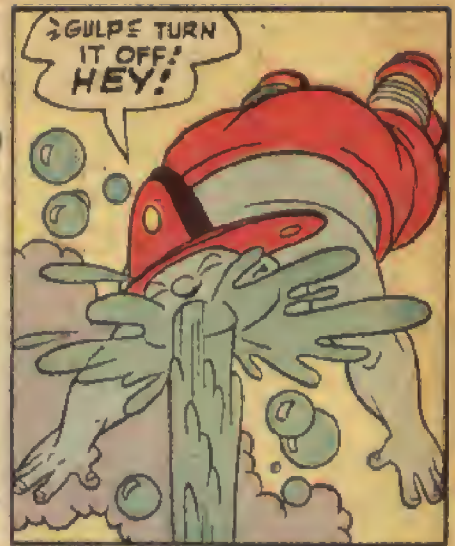








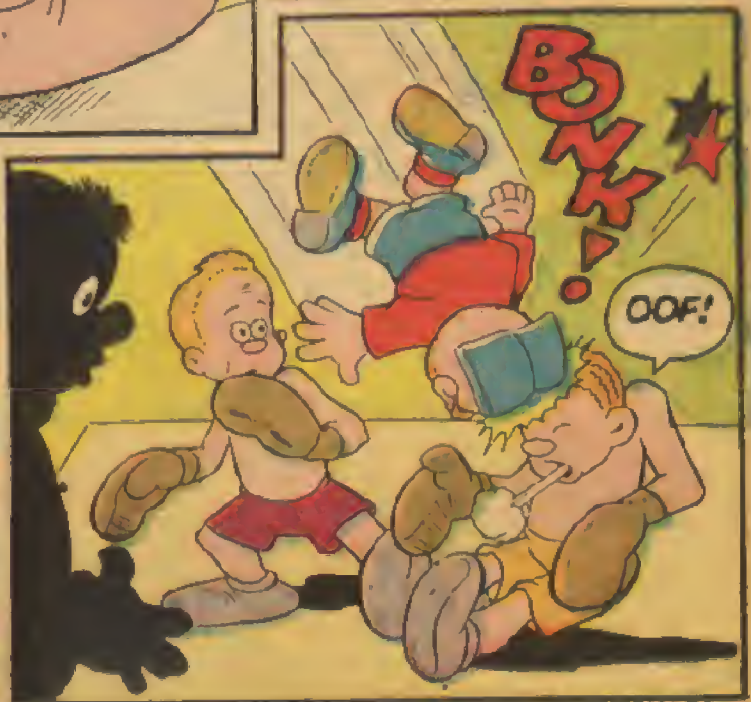
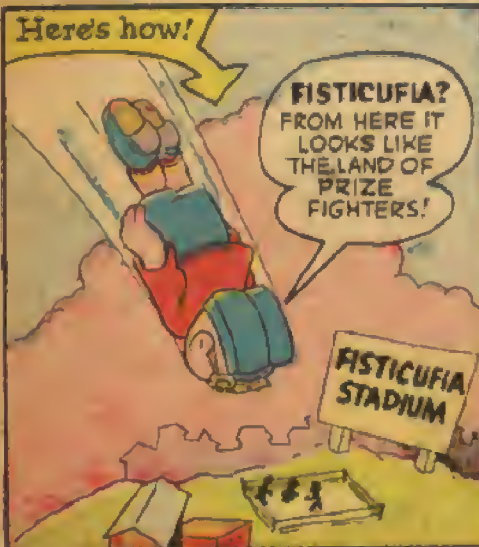
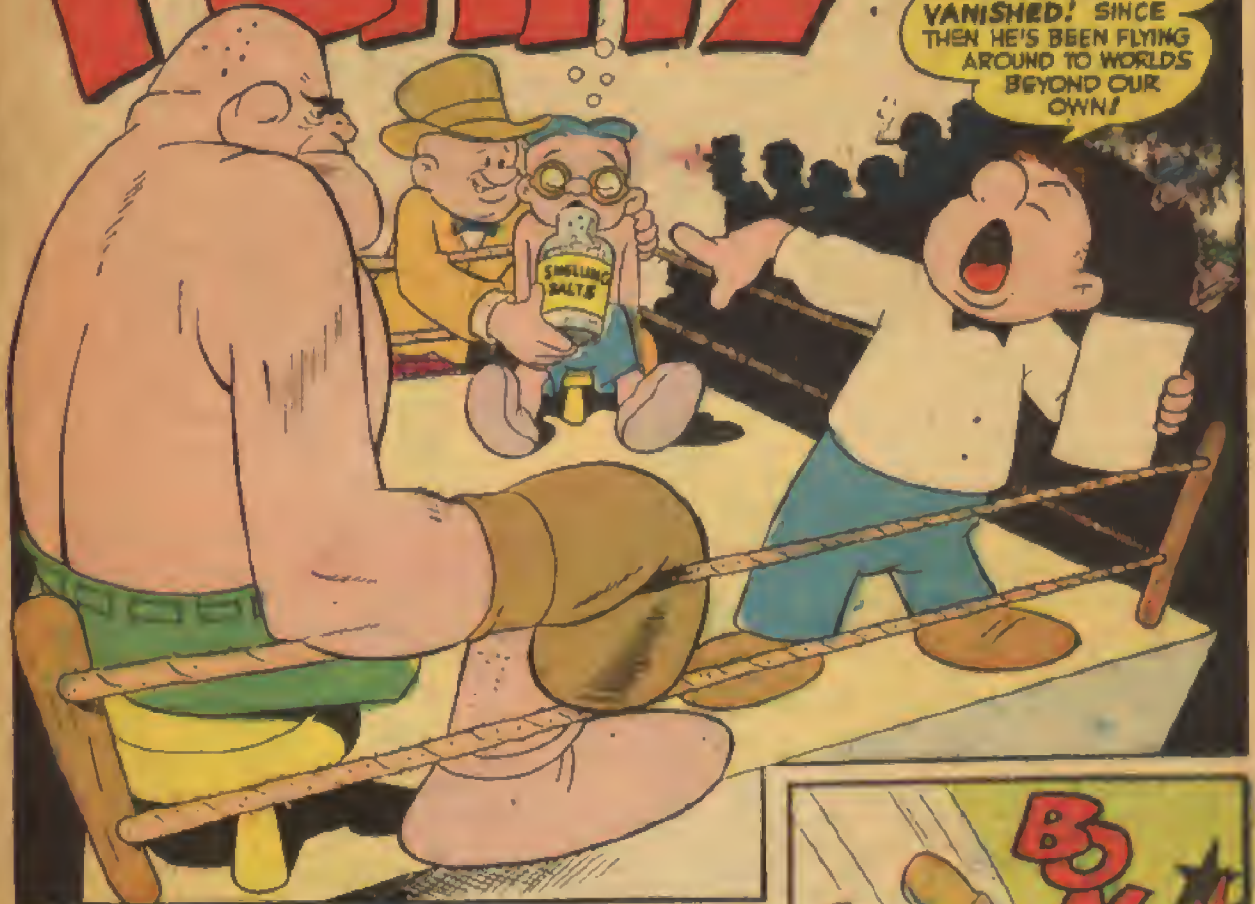




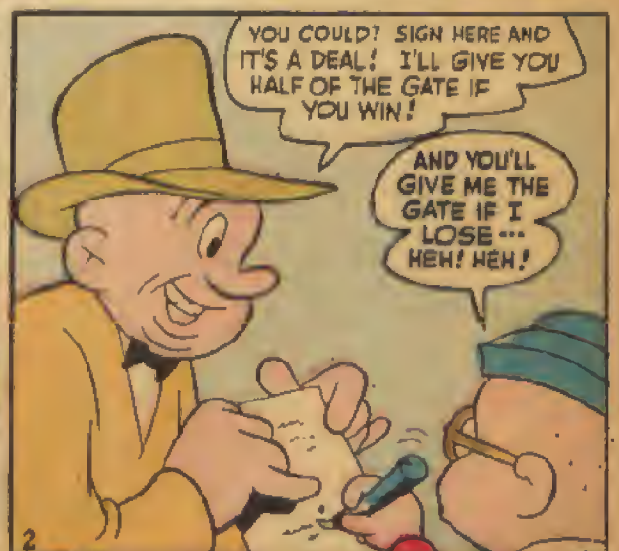
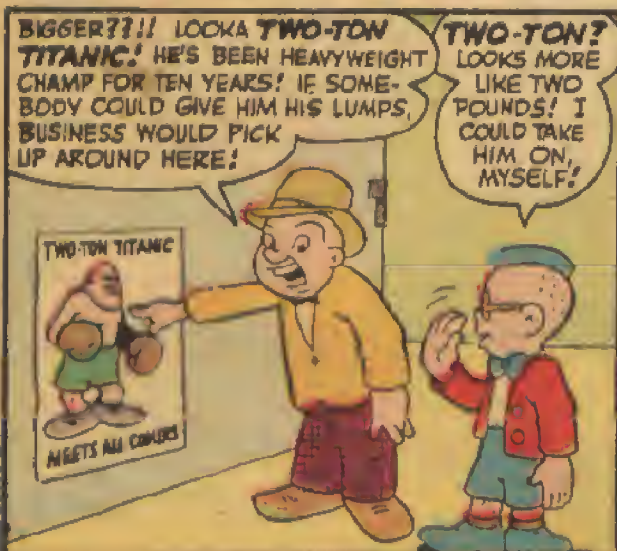
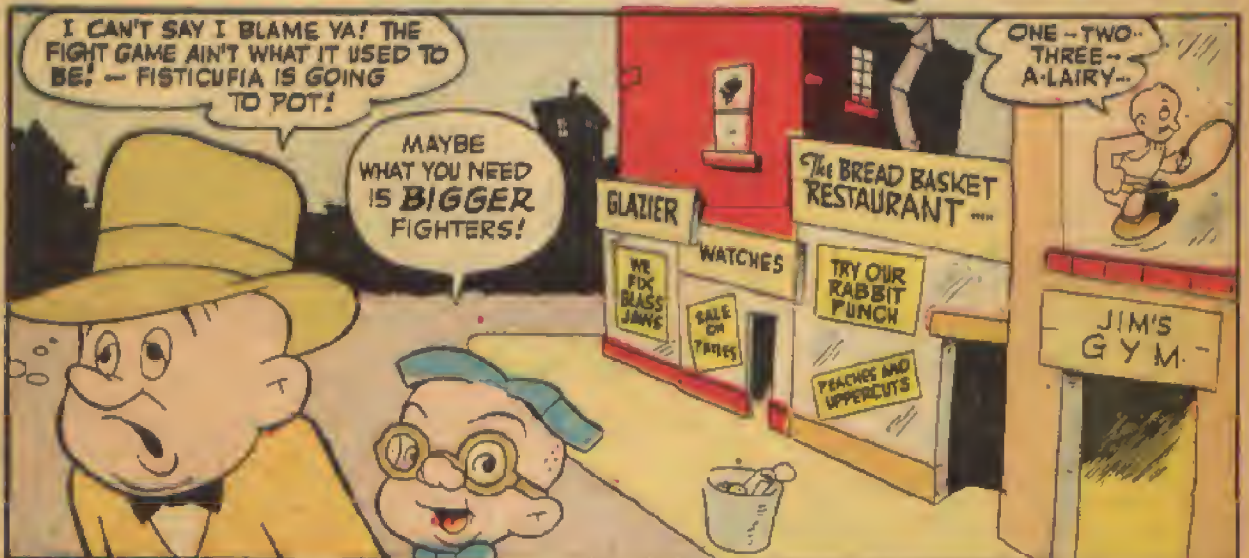
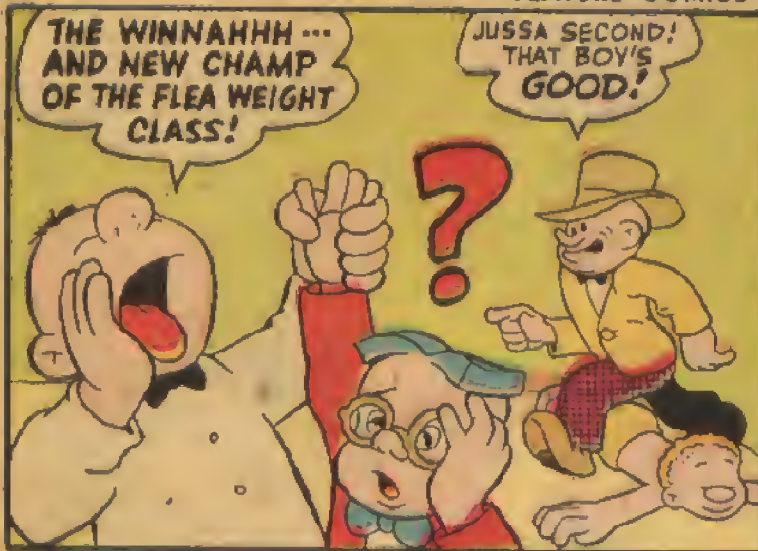


# PERKY

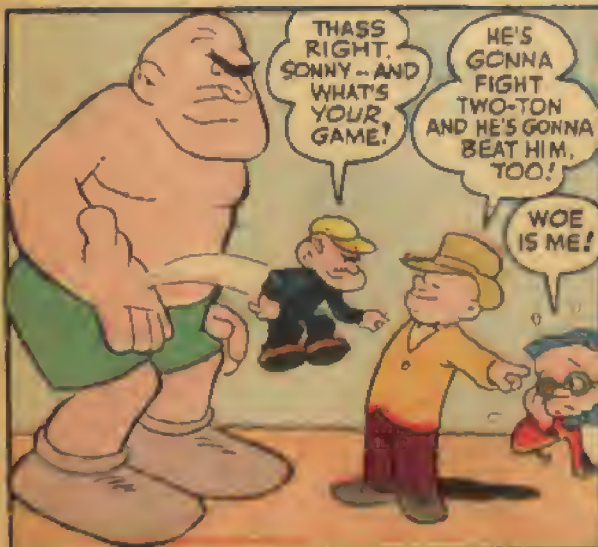
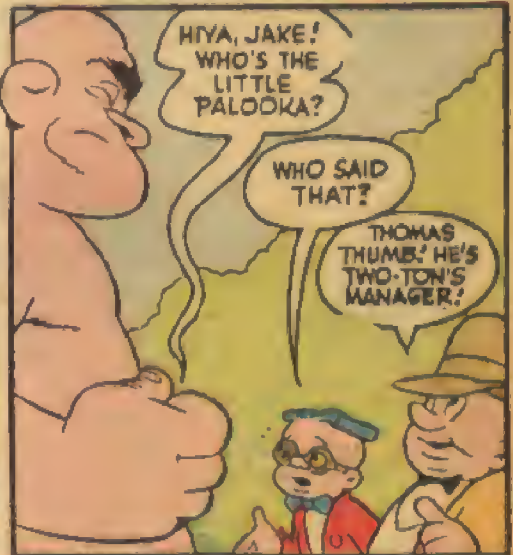
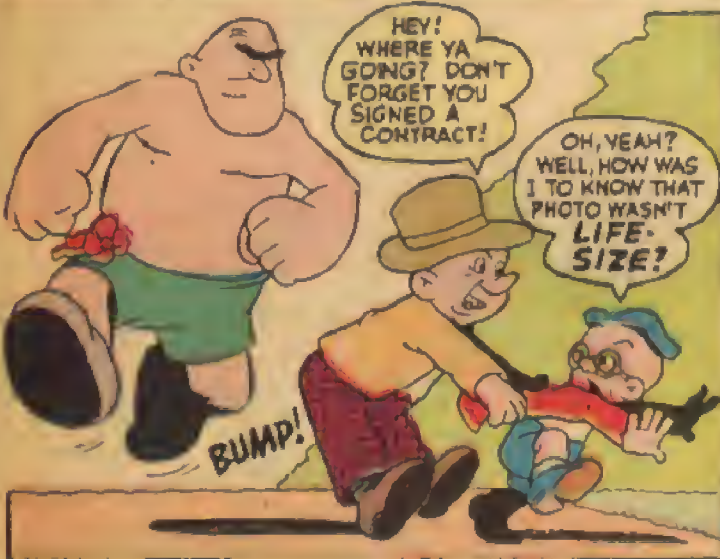
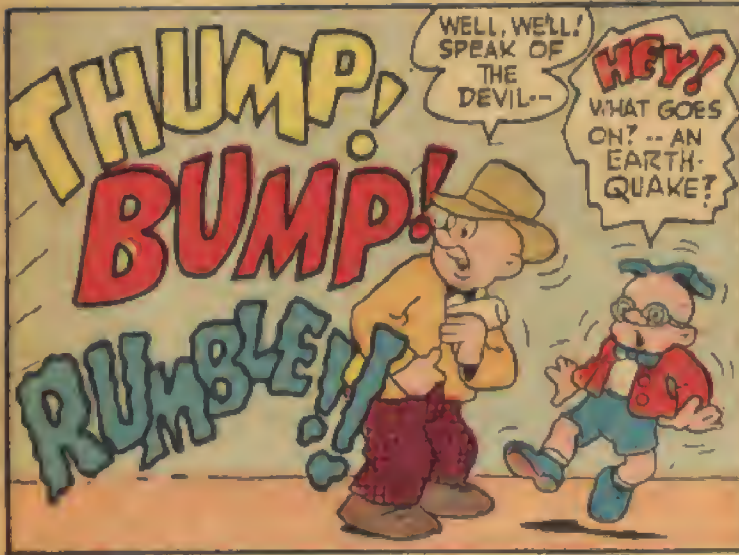
AND IN THAT CORNER--**BATTLING PERKY!!**...THE KID WHO VOLUNTEERED TO STEP INTO AN AMATEUR MAGICIAN'S **VANISHING BOX** AT THE VAUDEVILLE SHOW--AND **VANISHED!** SINCE THEN HE'S BEEN FLYING AROUND TO WORLDS BEYOND OUR OWN!



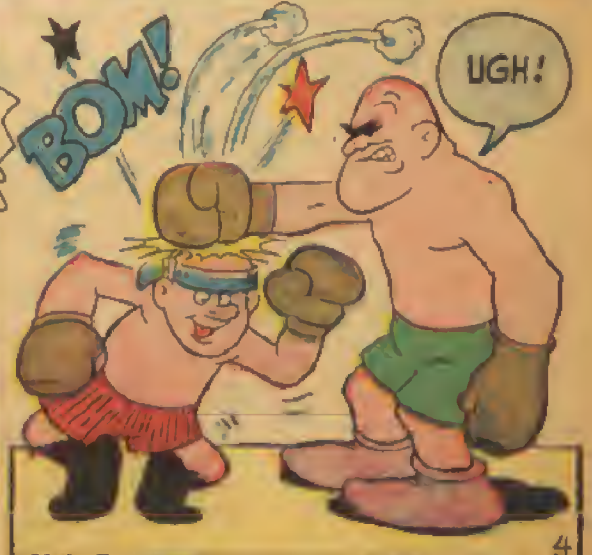
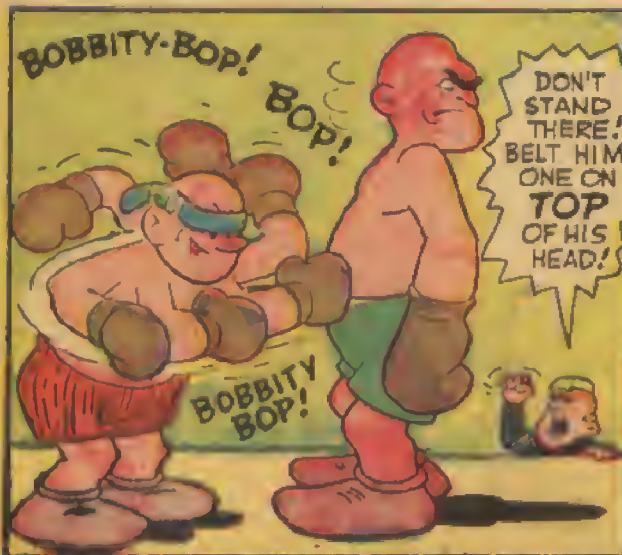
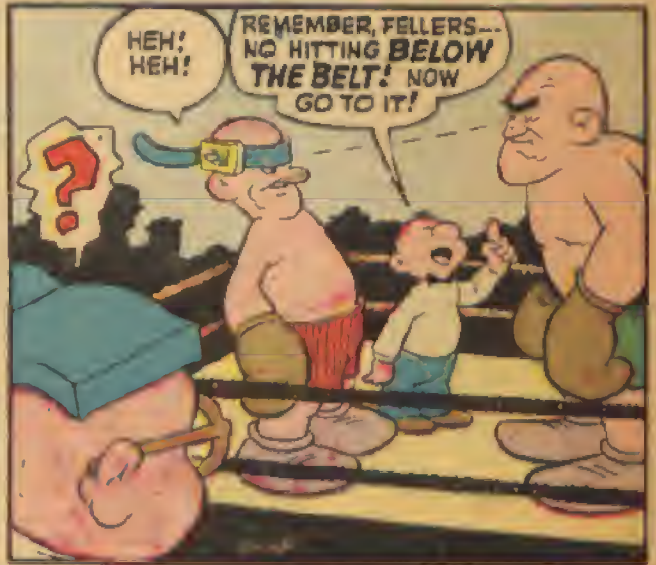
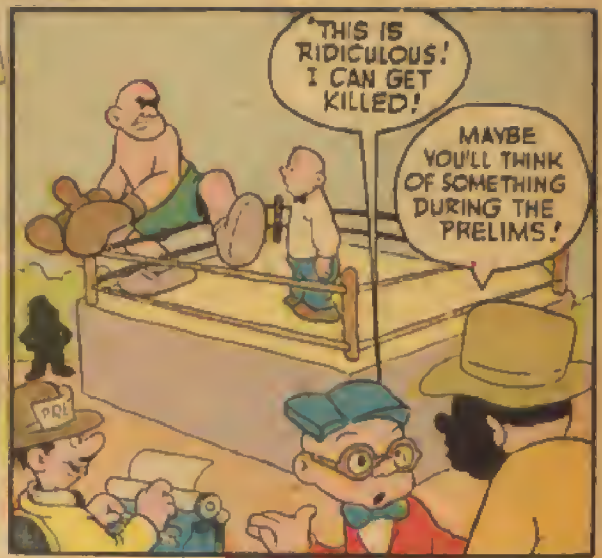
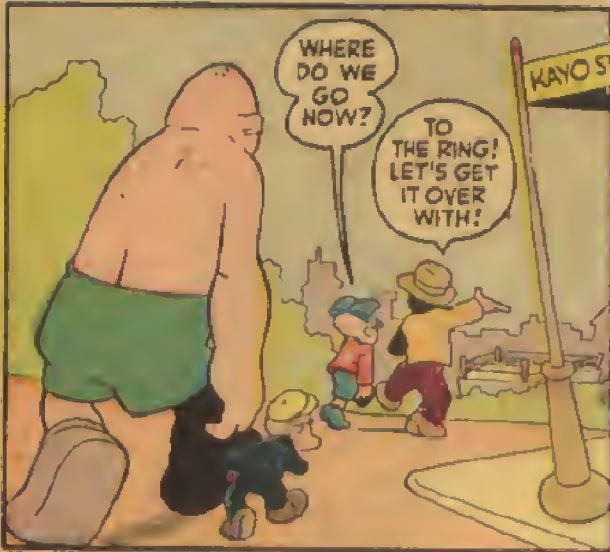






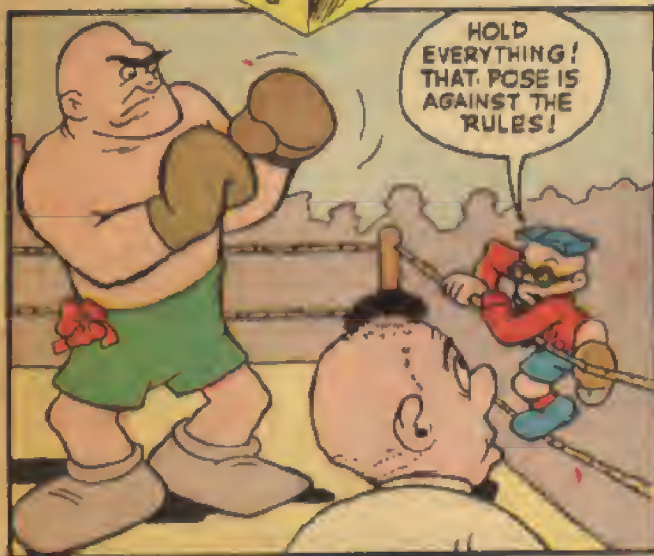
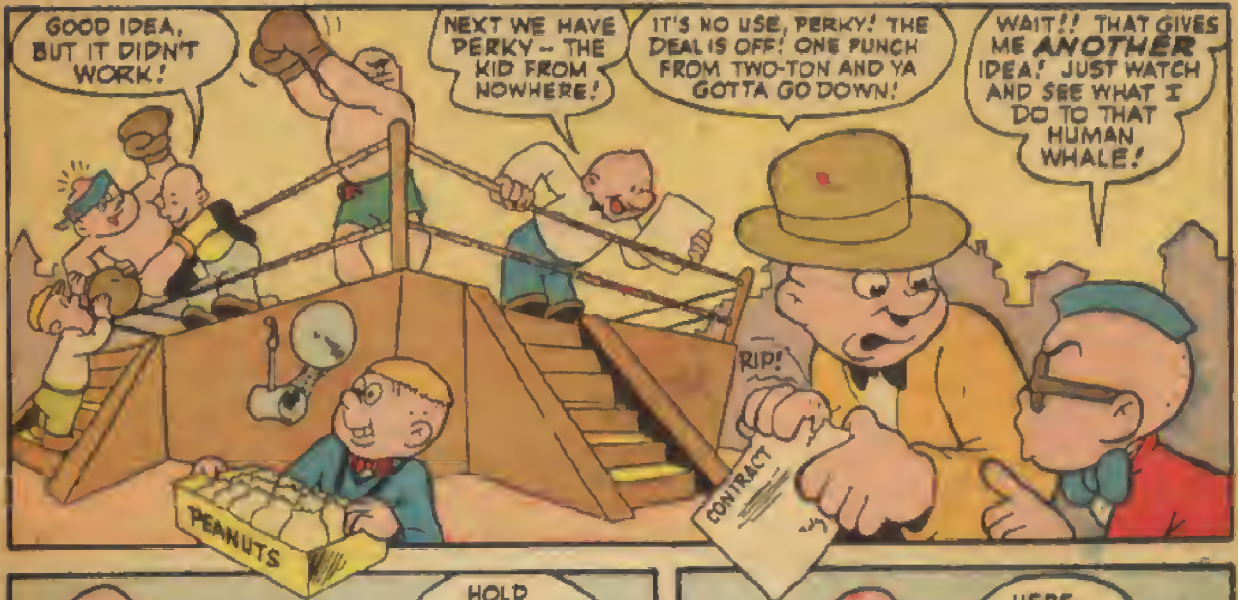






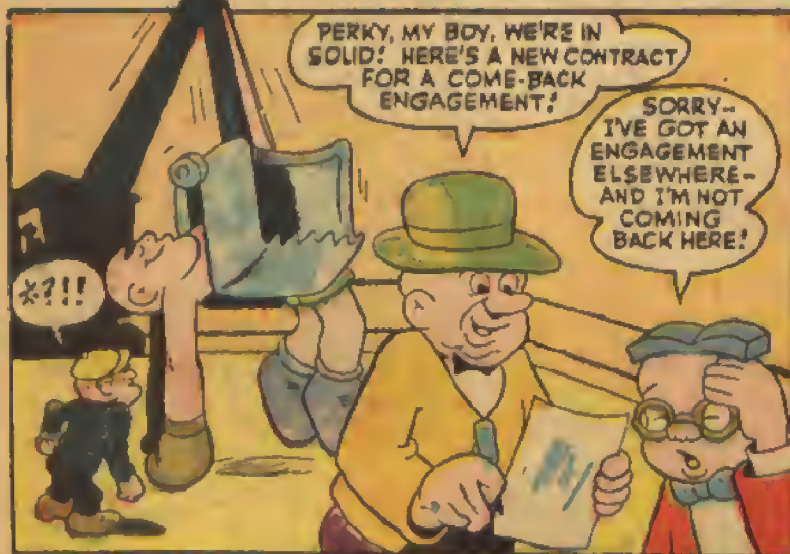
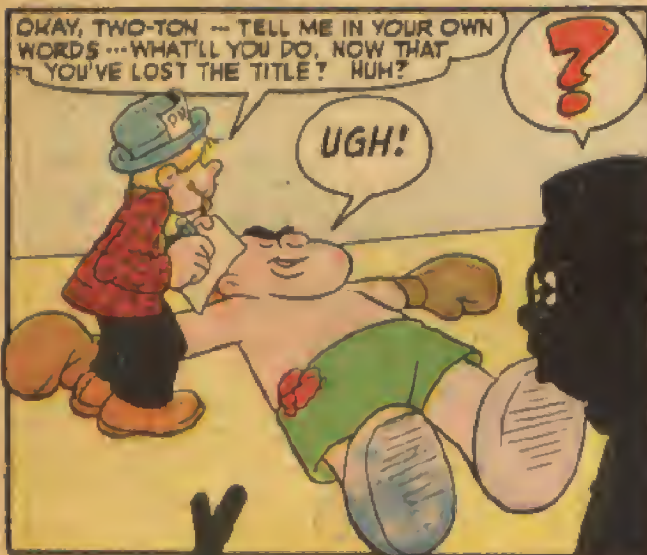
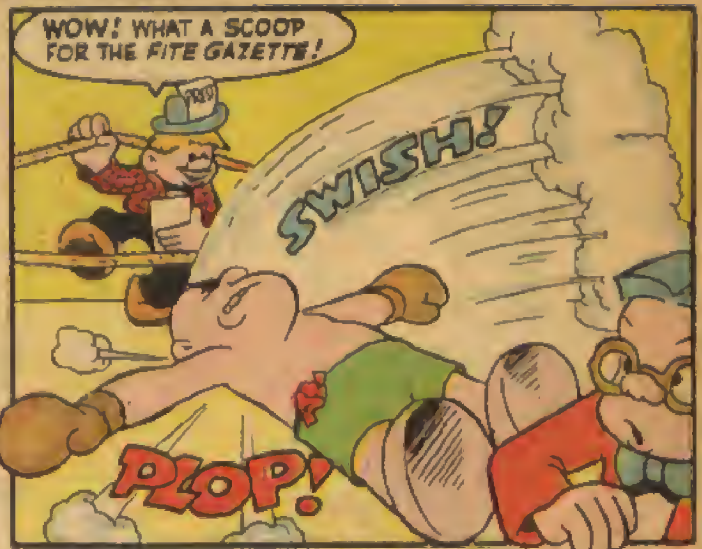


FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS





# LALA PALOOZA

AND I WAS THINKIN' HOW NICE IT WOULD BE TO HAVE A DOG AROUND THE HOUSE... YOU KNOW... SOMETHIN' TO FEED AND TAKE CARE OF!

I'VE BEEN DOING THAT FOR YEARS, BUT... OH, WELL, SKIP IT! HOW ABOUT A LITTLE PEKE OR POMERANIAN?



AH, NO! NONE O' THEM FANCY POOCHES! HOW 'BOUT A GOOD OLD AIREDALE OR IRISH TERRIER... MAYBE... OR EVEN ONE OF MIXED ANCESTRY? I DON'T GO FOR THEM GIGOLO MUTTS!



AND I DON'T GO FOR THE ROUGHNECK POOCHES YOU PICK! REMEMBER, I'M THE ONE WHO WILL PAY FOR THIS ANIMAL!

TOO TRUE, ALAS!



YOU CAN ORDER THE DOG WHILE I'M GONE, BUT I WARN YOU... IF I DON'T LIKE HIM, OUT HE GOES... AND YOU, TOO!



WHATEVER KIND OF POOCH I'D PICK, SHE IS SURE NOT TO LIKE IT! BUT I THINK I GOT A SOLUTION!



Later...

WELL, DID YOU GET YOUR DOG?

WELL, NOT EXACTLY, BUT DO YOU KNOW HOW A JEWELER BRINGS A BUNCH OF RINGS TO A CUSTOMER'S HOUSE SO HE CAN CHOOSE? WELL....



I KINDA DID THE SAME!

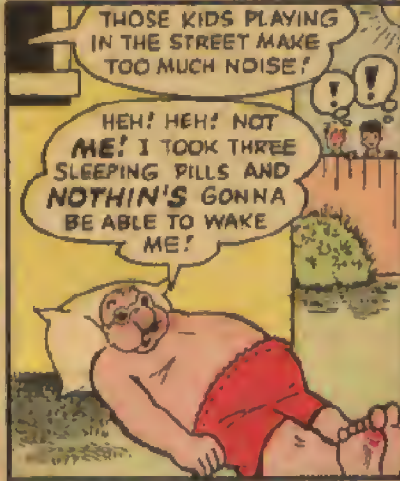
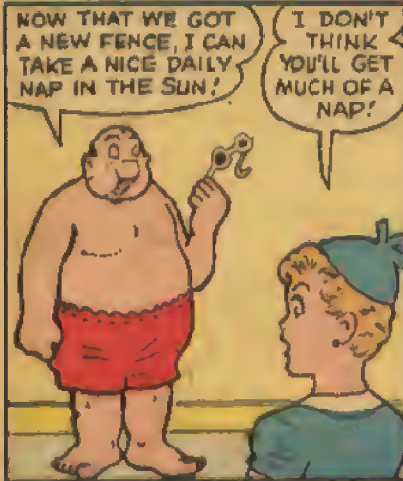


WELL, GOOD DAY TO ALL OF YOU!



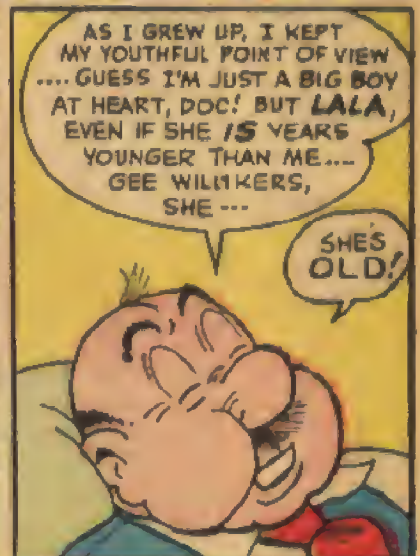
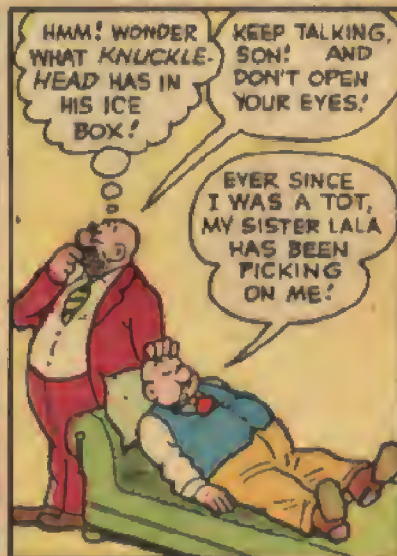
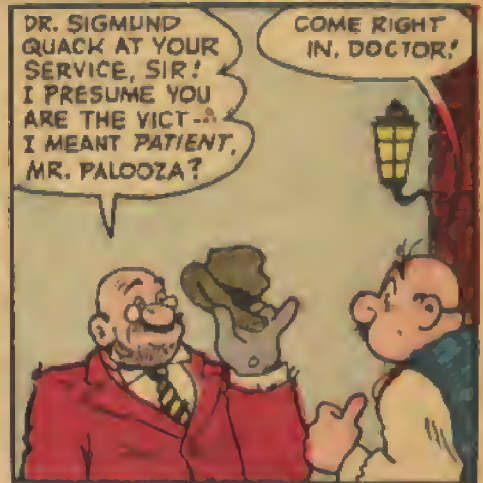


# LALA PALOOZA





# LALA PALOOZA

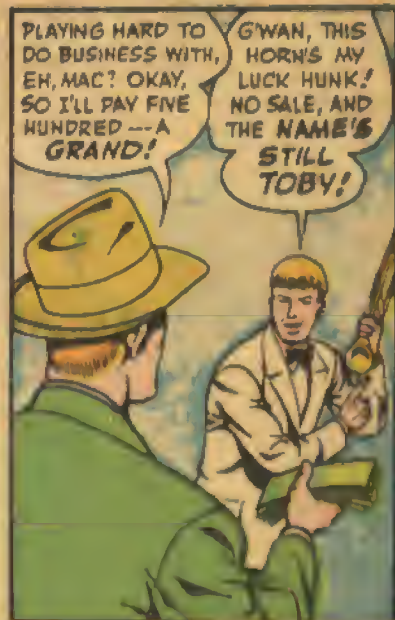




# SWING Sisson

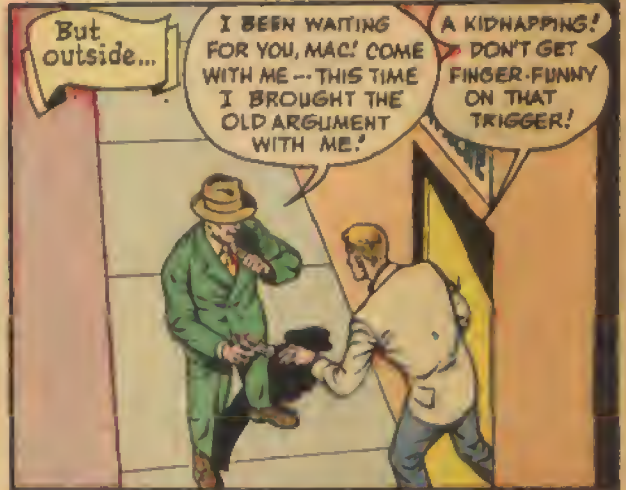
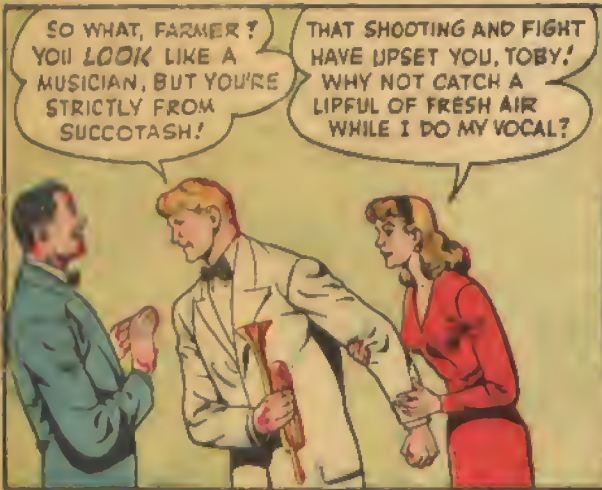




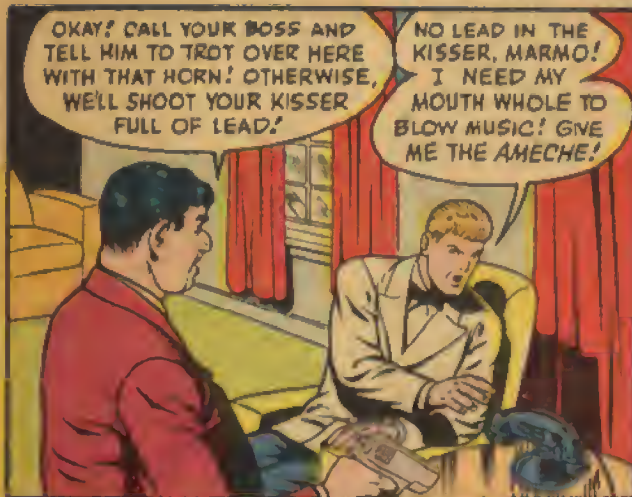




FEATURE COMICS













And - at the same time, at the Apache Club...

-- SO I CALLED YOU AS SOON AS SWING LEFT, OFFICER MURPHY! IF ONLY HE'D GIVEN ME THE ADDRESS!

I STILL DON'T GET THE PITCH ABOUT THE HORN! IT MUST BE TOBY'S--NOBODY ELSE CLAIMED IT!

THE MAN KILLED IN THAT SANDWICH JOINT HAS BEEN IDENTIFIED AS ONE OF THE MUSICIANS WHO PLAYED AT THE DITHERBY DANCE! WE THINK HE MAY HAVE BEEN MIXED UP IN THAT DIAMOND ROBBERY!

THAT'S WHAT I THINK, TOO!

THE MUSICIAN GOT THE DIAMONDS ---MARMO HERE KNEW IT AND HAD HIS STOOGES SHOOT THE POOR GUY TO HI-JACK THE LOOT!

THEN I WALKED OFF WITH THE WRONG HORN AND THE ROCKS! WOW! I'M LUCKY TO BE ALIVE!

BUT WHERE ARE THE DIAMONDS?

RIGHT HERE!

I HAD THE NECKLACE UNDER MY SHIRT! ON ME IT LOOKS GOOD, HUH?

A REG'ATION SWING SISSON CAPER! PUBLICITY, CREDIT---AND A BIG REWARD FOR RECOVERING THE NECKLACE!

WHAT A TRUMPET TOBY PLAYS! THERE'S NO ICE IN IT NOW TO FREEZE UP THE HOT ARRANGEMENT!



# MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

PHILIP IS GOING TO EAT TONIGHT, MICHAEL?

YES, MA! WE RAIDED A GAMBLING PLACE TODAY- AND HE'S WAITING THERE FOR THE TRUCK THAT'LL BRING THE EVIDENCE TO THE COUNTY COURT BUILDING!



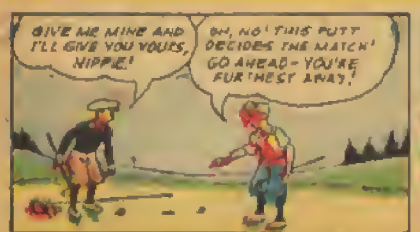
WHY CAN'T WE GO IN AND START LOADING THE STUFF NOW?

BECAUSE THE SHERIFF SAID YOU WERE TO WAIT UNTIL HE'D FINISHED HIS INVESTIGATION!



## NIPPIE

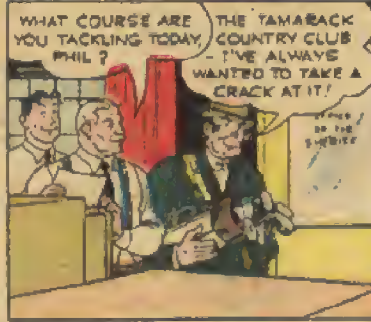
By Lank Leonard





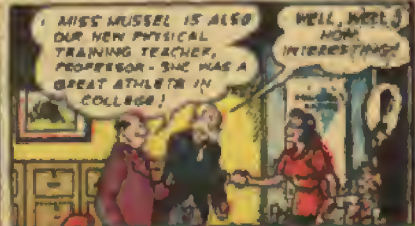
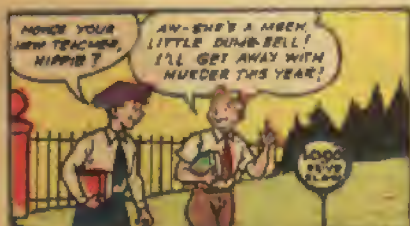
# MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



## NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard

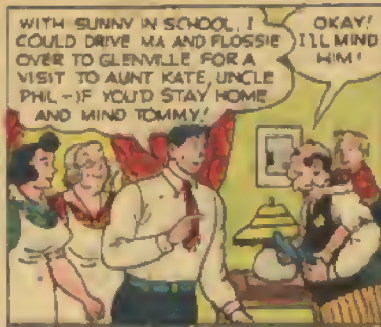




# FEATURE COMICS

## MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



## NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard

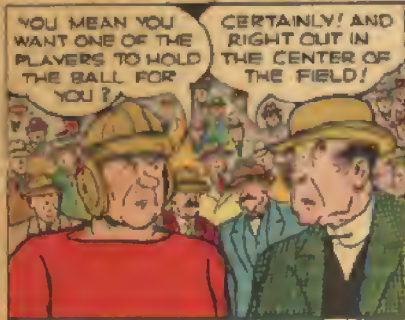
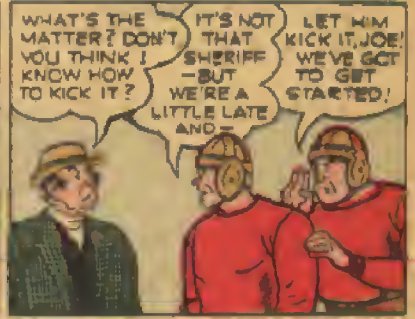




FEATURE COMICS

# MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



## NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard





# RED GOD

A HUGE, barrel-chested bronze idol is exactly how he looked. A venomous, slit-eyed idol of some fiendish forgotten race. His broad face was fat and red, but it was nearly all covered with an enormous red beard—such a beard as none of the party had ever seen.

Tully was the monster's name. Just Tully. No one knew his first name. Nor did anyone recall when he had come to New Guinea, nor how he had become a veritable god among the Gakus.

But a god Tully was, no mistaking that. He ruled his tribe with a fist of steel—and they loved him for it.

Eyes squinted against the blazing sun, he grimaced as he looked at Perry Scott and his small party. "No white men allowed beyond the ridge," he said. "You'll never come back if you go it."

"But Mr. Tully," said Perry, "we know he landed somewhere in the back country beyond the ridge. His last wireless signals came from there. We've got to find him. Won't you give us an escort?"

The red god scowled and shook his head. "No. For reasons of my own I want no snoopers back there. Stay out. I'll not be responsible for you if you go in." He clapped his hands and a big native came running up. Tully said something in dialect. The native disappeared but in a moment had returned with a steaming pot of tea, which he set on a bamboo table.

"Drink," said Tully, pouring out the tea in small, beautifully designed clay cups.

"You will not help us then?" asked Perry once more.

The red monster shook his head. "No."

Perry turned away without touching his cup of tea. "Then we'll help ourselves." He motioned to the others and together they headed toward the jungle trail.

The day was blazing hot. The jungle was dark and moist. It hummed with invisible life whenever the brightly-clad, raucous-voiced denizens ceased their din. The sound went in

waves: noise and then silence. Only the silence was oddly filled with sound. The jungle is always thus, sleeping yet sleepless.

They trudged along the dim trail, canopied with gigantic hardwood trees that made the path like an aisle through a mighty cathedral. Poisonous snakes slithered across the trail at intervals. Bright birds screamed and scolded. Monkeys leaped through the lower branches, chattering angrily.

Perry didn't like the situation. He had expected some assistance from the man called Tully. He was a white man, that everybody knew. But he was a monster withal. He had some very good reason for not permitting his kind in the back country. Some dark secret. He was wealthy.

Perry recalled those wireless messages from the crashed B-17, back in 1943. They had emanated from Tully's country. Several parties—Australians, Americans, Englishmen—had tried to get in but were turned back by the hostile natives whom Tully ruled. What was the reason?

One thing sure, Perry meant to rescue Blanton, the lost flier, and whatever members of his crew remained. Or did Blanton himself still live? There was only one way to tell and that was to go in and find out. They were going in!

For the first day, they saw nothing of Tully's natives. Only the wild denizens of the forest. Perry marveled at the immense size of the beautiful butterflies. This was an entomologist's paradise. But no butterfly catcher had ever been allowed in here.

The second and third days were the same. Nothing human disturbed them. It bothered Perry somewhat. It was certain that Tully had spies, knew just where they were at all times. What was he waiting for? Would he suddenly strike them down from ambush?

"I don't like this," he told Perkins, one of his men. "He's giving us too much rope."

"Maybe," said Perkins wryly, "he's letting us hang ourselves with it."



On the morning of the fourth day, they saw a spiral of thin blue smoke rising directly ahead of them. They were in thin jungle now, the big trees having given out with higher ground.

"A camp fire," said Perry, pointing. "Now I wonder—"

They reached the camp just after noon. And what a camp! It was a huge stockade made of foot-thick mahogany logs standing on end and laced together with great jungle vines. The tops of the logs were pointed. It was like a prisoners' corral such as Perry had seen on the West Coast of Africa.

They strode up to the massive gates of the stockade. Perkins, just before they reached the fort entrance, tapped Perry on the arm. "They've been following us," he reported. "Saw 'em back in the jungle."

"Be careful," Perry said. Then he shouted. The gates swung open. A strange sight met their eyes. The stockade was a quarter-mile in diameter. It surrounded three large mine shafts. White men were coming and going from the dark tunnels, carrying heavy loads which they dumped on a central pile. A gold dump!

"They're slaves!" gasped Perry. "Just as I thought. Tully's trapped fliers with a knowledge of mechanics and set 'em to work digging his gold. No wonder he doesn't want anybody in here—snooping."

Two other red-bearded white men met them at the gate. They looked like Tully's brothers. They both held automatics.

"Come in," they boomed. "We've been expecting you. Need more labor anyway. Katul!" called one of them. A giant native ran up. "Take these new recruits to the readying pens," he told him.

Perry, Perkins and the other two men were quickly relieved of their weapons and made to follow the native, who also held a gun. They were hustled into a log pen and told to take their clothes off. Perry, with a bit of adhesive tape, fastened a small flat packet under his right arm. A few minutes later the big native came and ordered them out. They were herded into the cooking quarters and told to help prepare the forthcoming meal. One of the red-beards grinned and said, "We teach 'em how to cook first, then comes the mines. Hurry now!"

Perry found himself stirring a huge kettle of soup. An hour later a gong rang and work stopped. Everyone gathered at a long plank table in the open. There were at least fifteen white men, all of them beaten down and lack-luster, worked to death. A ladle of the thick soup was poured into cocoanut bowls and every man began pitching in. The red-bearded ones and several natives, who were in authority, sat at another table. They, too, ate soup.

After a moment Perry nudged the white man sitting next to him. "Watch. When they pass out, do as I tell you. We'll get you out of here."

After a few minutes it was seen that the red-beards and the natives at the same table began nodding. Soon they were snoring.

"Now!" said Perry. "All of you follow me. First, get me some mahogany wood, dump it into the soup kettle and start it boiling with a little water."

This was soon done. A reddish liquid was the result.

"Now," said Perry, "all of you fellows have long hair and beards. Each of you dip your heads into the brew and soak your whiskers."

One after the other the white men did as told. They came up with flaming hair and beards. They looked at each other stunned, not knowing. Perry and his friends did likewise, becoming red-heads too.

"Come on," said Perry, leading the way toward the gate. "We'll have no trouble getting away."

Meekly the men followed this new leader. For days they trudged through the jungle. Not once did they see a hostile native. By a different route they came to a small seaport town where there was a British police outpost. Perry told the story.

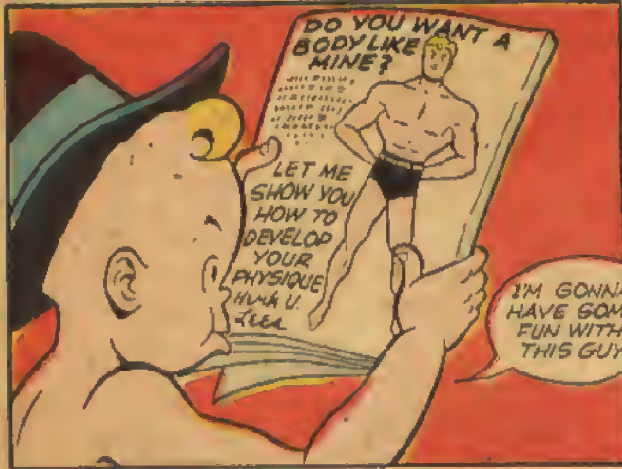
That day a large force of mounted police started for the hangout of Tully, about the time the lost white men, now red-haired and red-bearded, were piling into a government steamer.

"I don't get it," said the chief of police, after Perry had removed his red dye and was seated in the man's office telling the story. "How come you got through?"

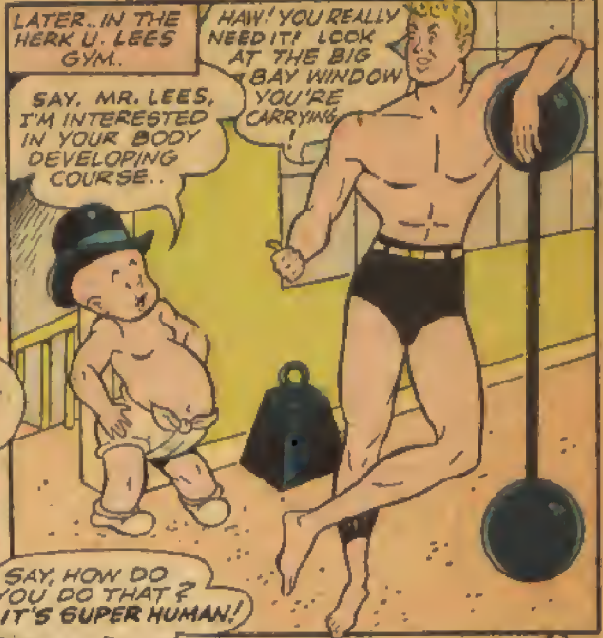
Perry grinned. "Oh, I figured the natives thought Tully was a god with his red hair and beard. We just became red gods, too."



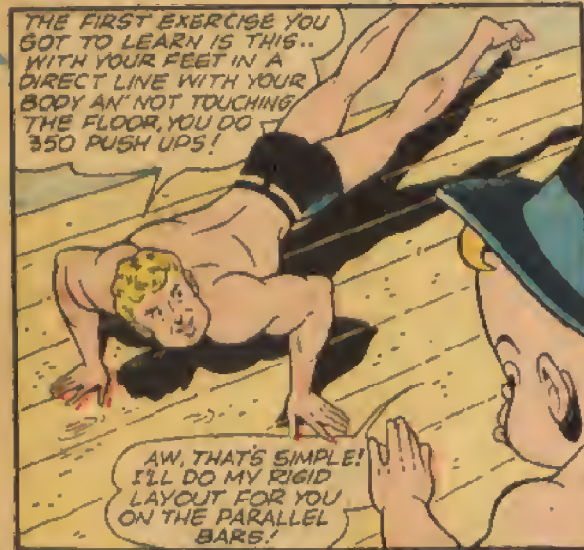
# POISON IVY



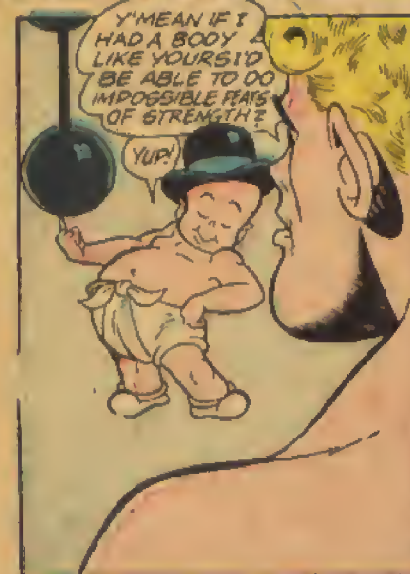
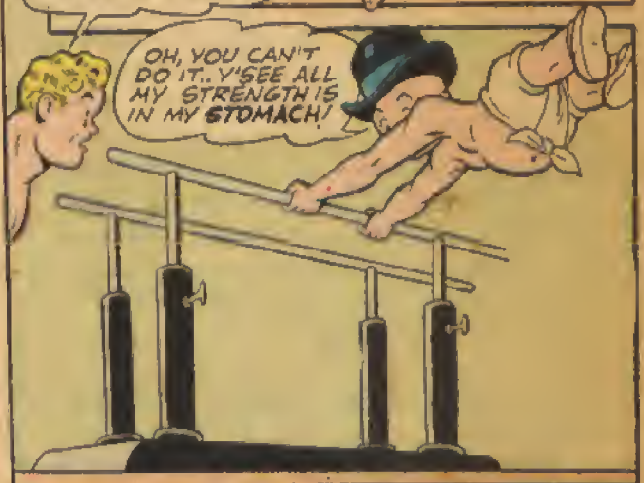
I'M GONNA HAVE SOME FUN WITH THIS GUY!



SAY, HOW DO YOU DO THAT? IT'S SUPER HUMAN!



AW, THAT'S SIMPLE! I'LL DO MY RIGID LAYOUT FOR YOU ON THE PARALLEL BARS!





# ROSCOE

GEE!  
THAT SOUNDS  
LIKE A GORILLA  
BEATING HIS  
CHEST!

BOOM!  
BOOM!  
BOOM!





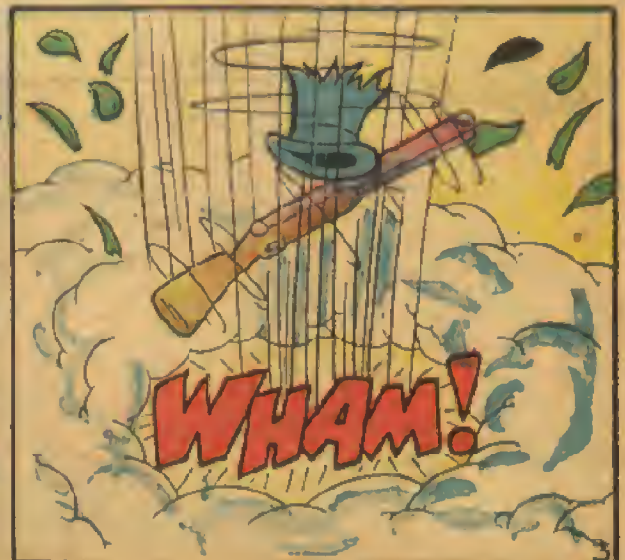
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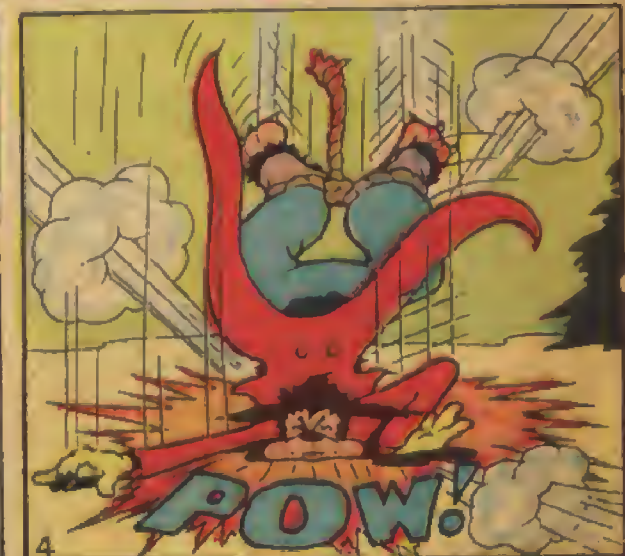
After many long miles.....



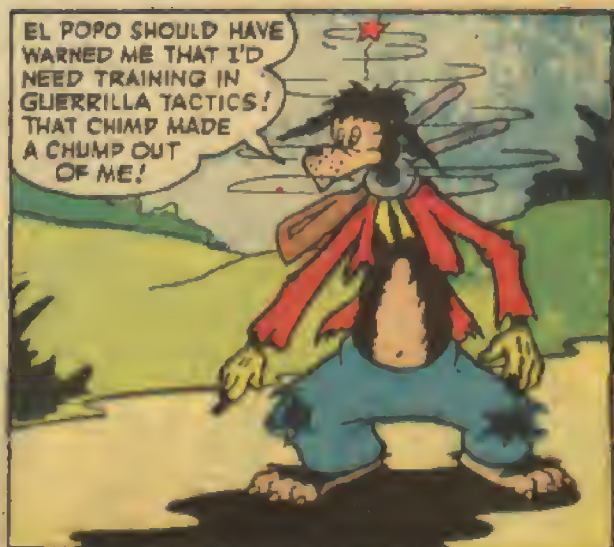
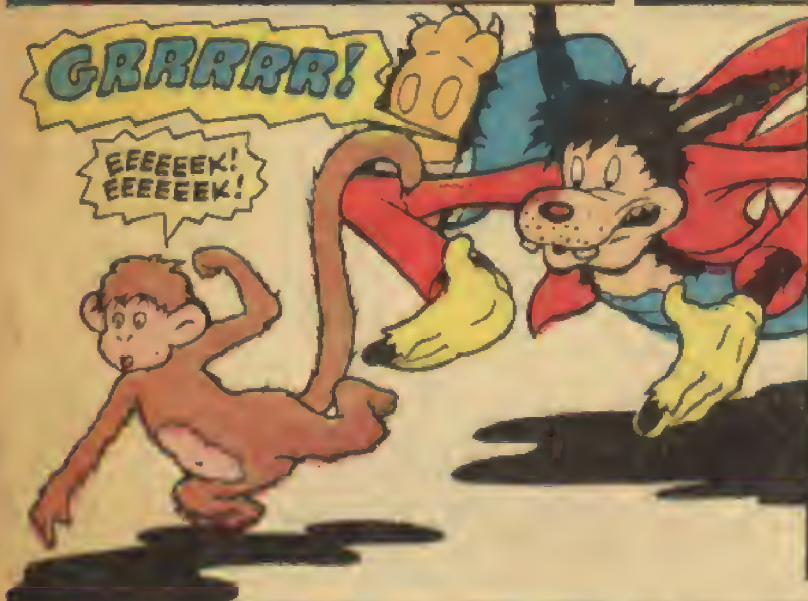














# BIG TOP

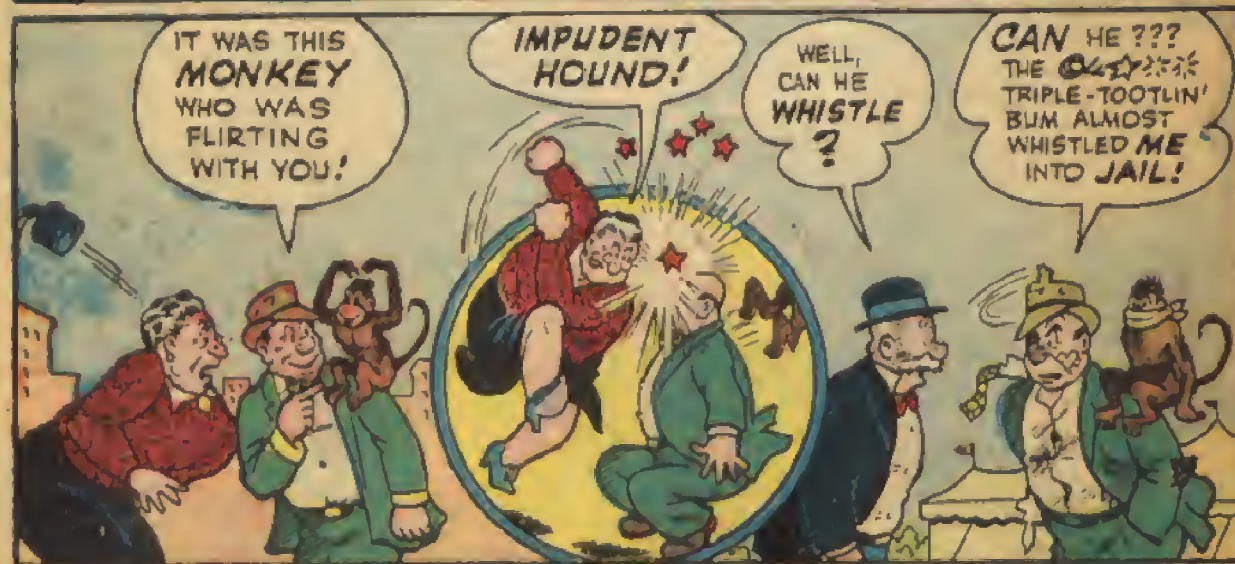
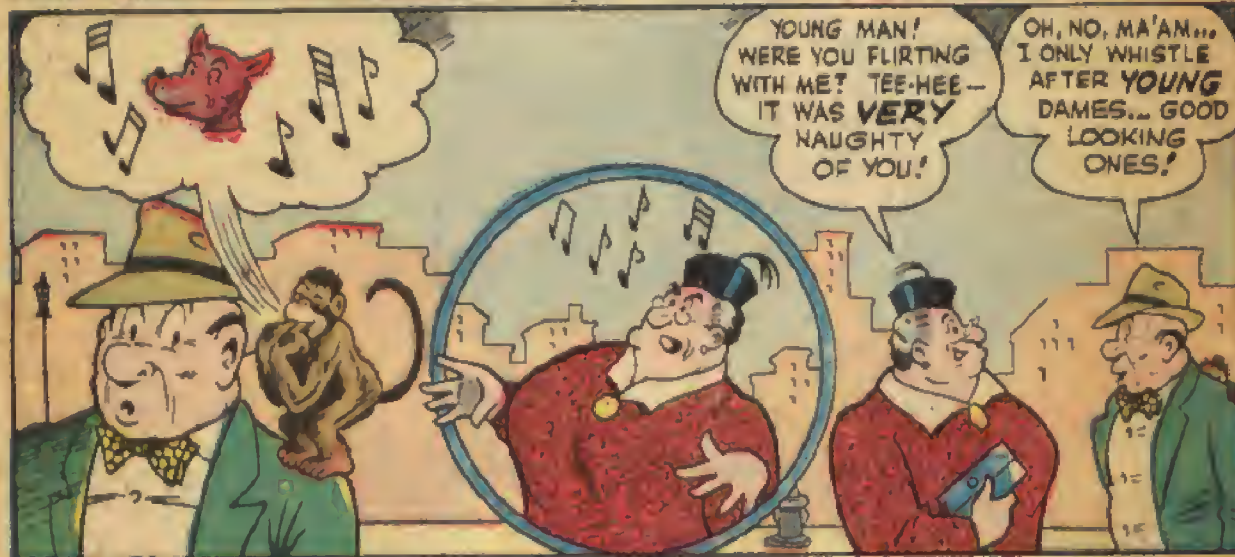
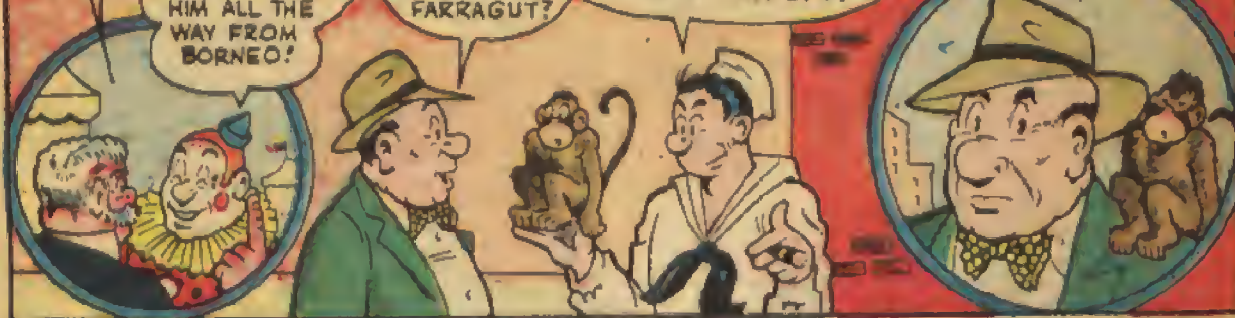
A WHISTLING  
MONKEY?  
NONSENSE!  
THERE AIN'T  
NO SUCH  
ANIMAL!

YOU'RE  
WRONG, BOSS!  
MY SAILOR  
NEPHEW BRANG  
HIM ALL THE  
WAY FROM  
BORNEO!

BUT WHY  
DON'T THE  
SAP START  
WHISTLING,  
FARRAGUT?

HE'S JUST SHY...  
WAIT'LL HE GETS USED  
TO YOU AND HE'LL WHISTLE  
LIKE A CALLIOPE!

JUST THE SAME,  
I'D FEEL MORE AT  
EASE IF YOU GAVE  
JUST ONE LITTLE  
SAMPLE, PEEP!



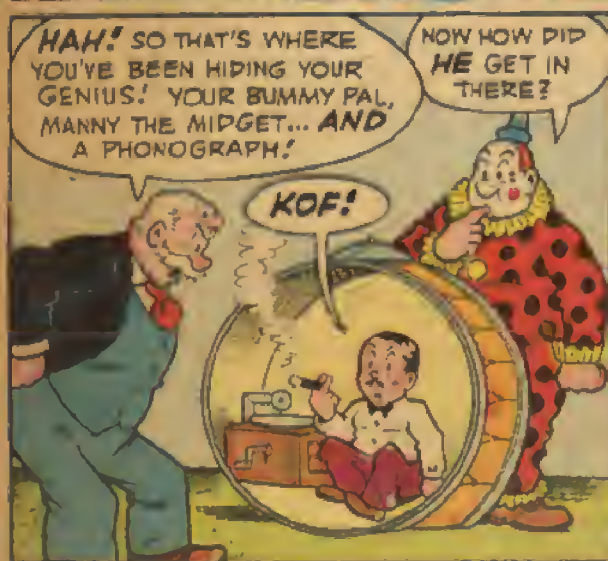
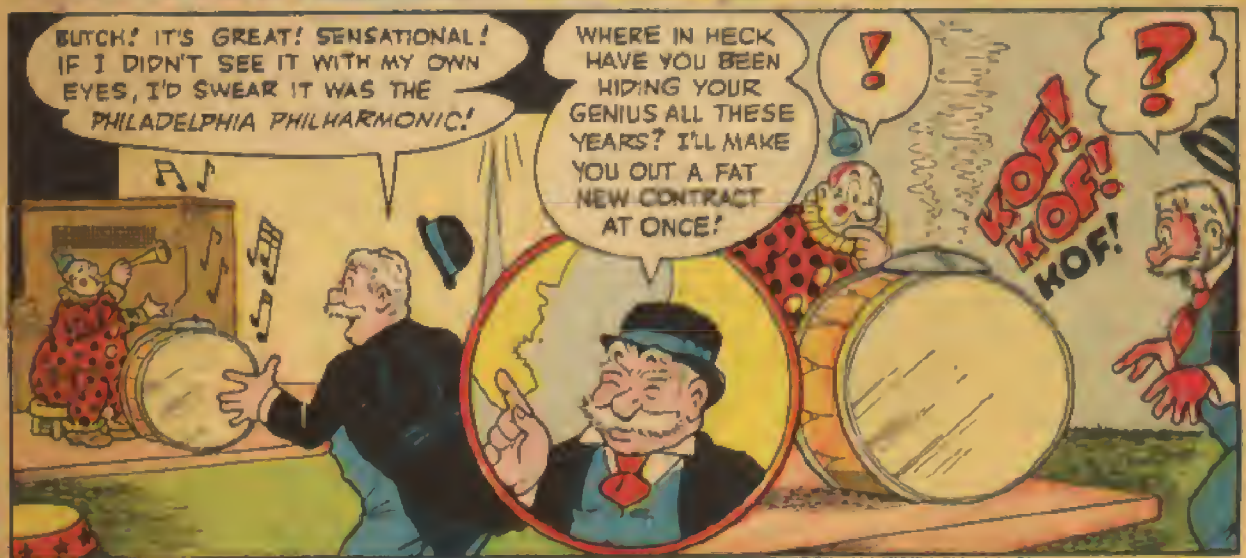
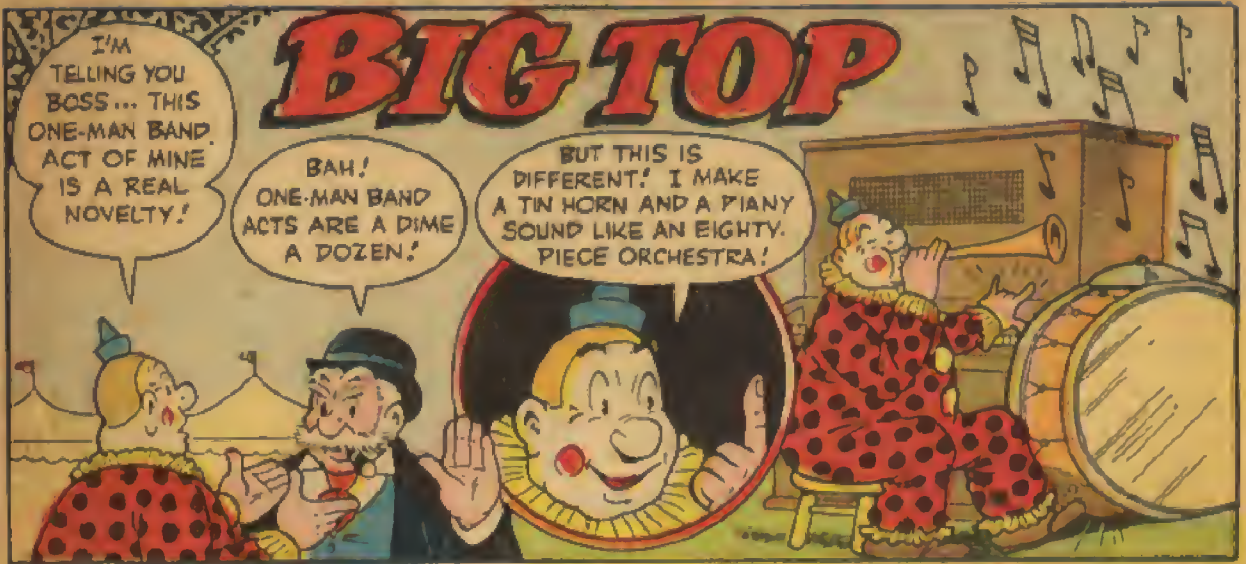
IT WAS THIS  
MONKEY  
WHO WAS  
FLIRTING  
WITH YOU!

IMPUDENT  
HOUND!

WELL,  
CAN HE  
WHISTLE  
?

CAN HE ???  
THE ~~CALLIOPE~~  
TRIPLE-TOOTLIN'  
BUM ALMOST  
WHISTLED ME  
INTO JAIL!







# RUSTY

# RYAN

I'M AN  
EXPERT ON  
PEARLS ... AND  
THE ONES YOU HAVE  
ARE WORTHLESS!  
THEY'RE NOTHING  
BUT **CHALK!**

AHA! THEN  
YOU RECOGNIZE  
THE RARE CHALK PEARLS  
OF HISTAMBUL ... AND ARE  
ONLY TRYING TO CHEAT  
ME OUT OF A  
FORTUNE BY SAYING  
THEY ARE  
IMITATIONS!



GO AWAY!  
I DO NOT  
WANT  
YOUR  
PEARLS!

I DON'T BLAME YOU  
--THEY'RE NOT WORTH  
A DIME!



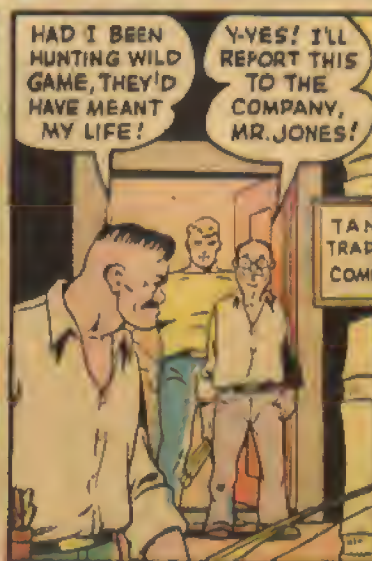
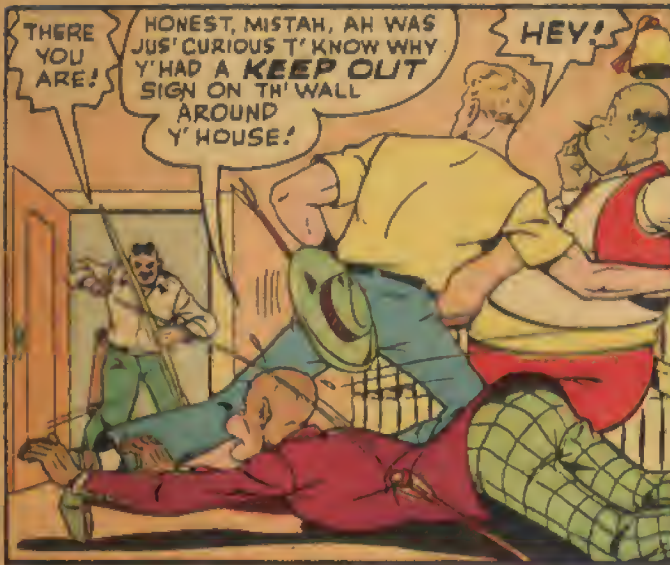
WELL, I MIGHT HAVE  
PUT THE DEAL ACROSS!



PIERPONT!  
WHAT  
TH'...??

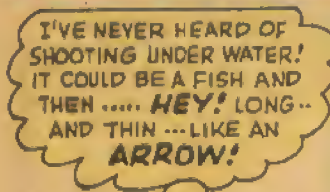
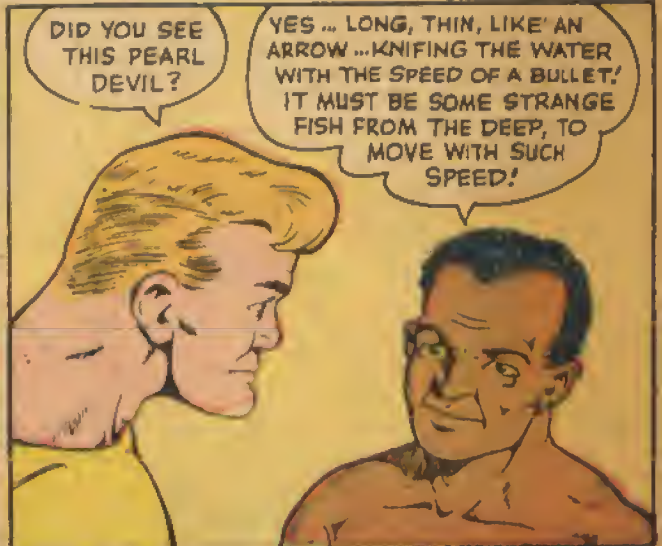
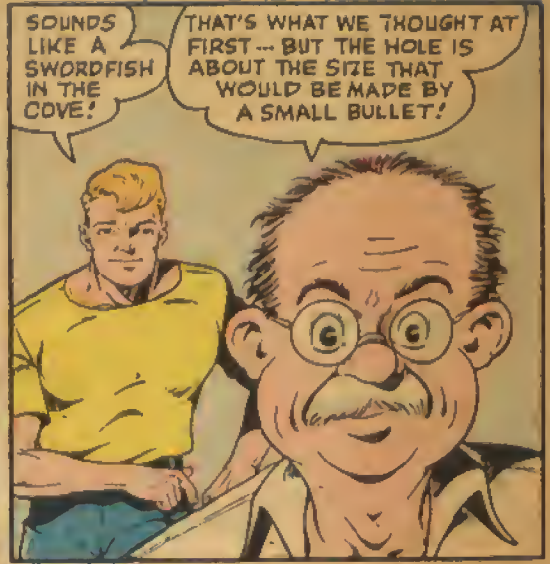
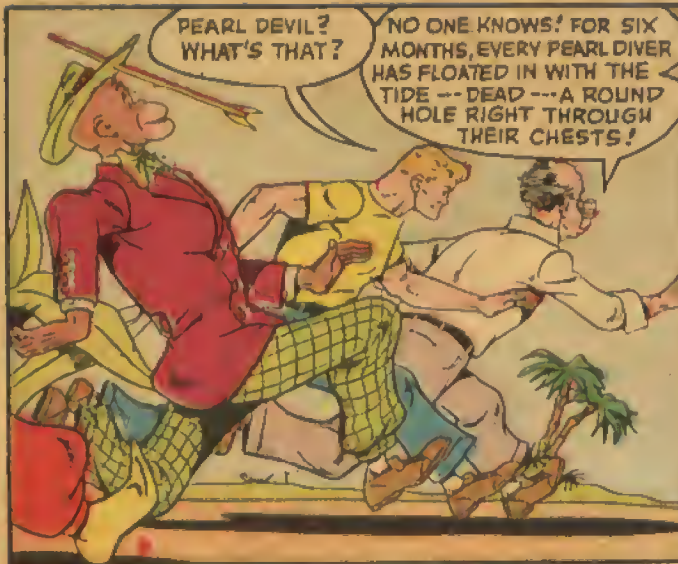






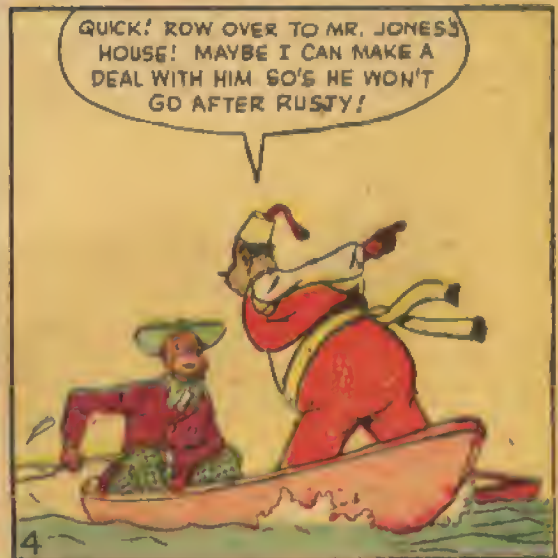


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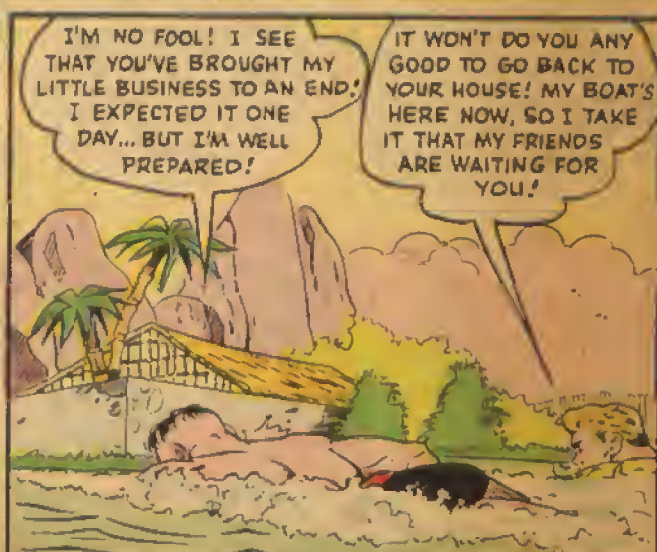
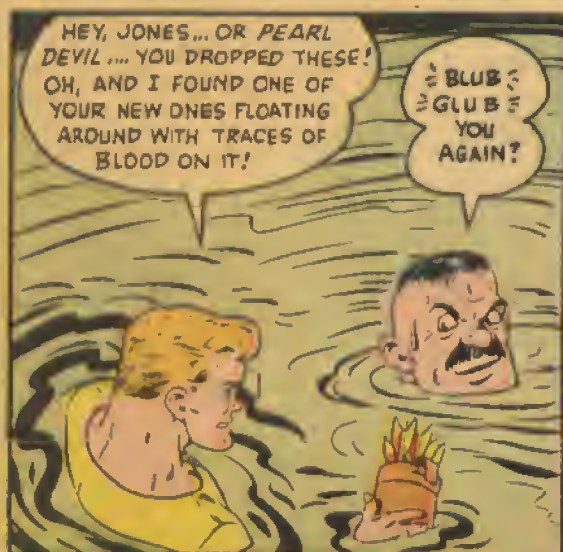
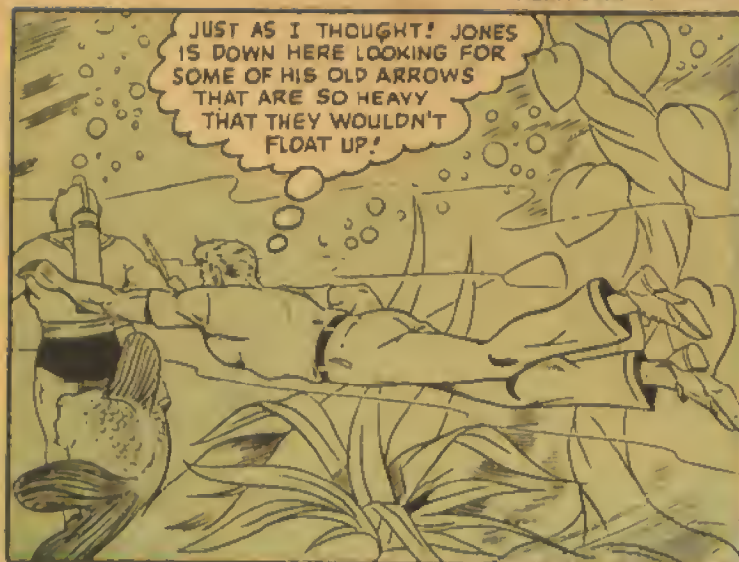




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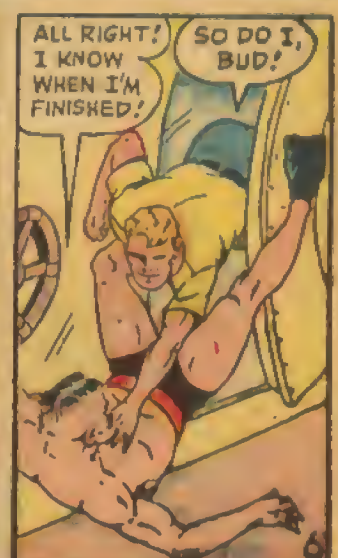
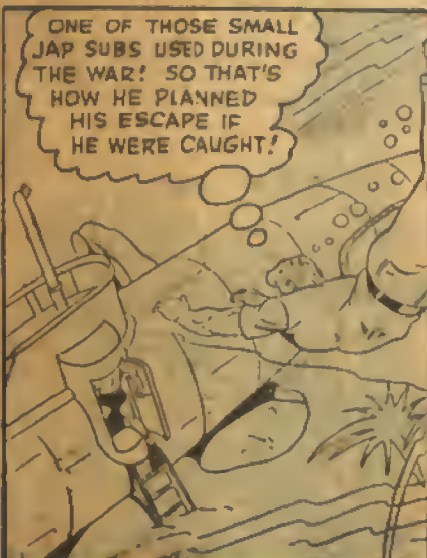








FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS





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Order the Belt and Billfold together at a matching set. Special price for the set only \$4.98 plus the Federal Tax on the Billfold. Shipped in finest gift.



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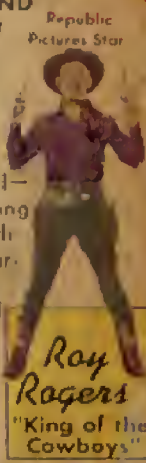
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or R.F.D. Box \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

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